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# THE POWERS OF GENIUS.

E. B. YORDY.

# THE POWERS OF GENIUS,

A POEM,

IN THREE PARTS.

---

BY JOHN BLAIR LINN, A. M.

CO-PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

---

SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED:

---

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte  
Quæsum est. Ego nec studium sine divite vena,  
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium: alterius sic  
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.

HORACE.

---

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD, & CO. NO. 30, CHESNUT-STREET, PHILADELPHIA; AND SOLD BY M. AND J. CONRAD & CO. NO. 140, MARKET-STREET, BALTIMORE; AND RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON CITY.

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## PREFACE.

DIDACTIC poetry is moral truth clothed in the garments of Fiction. Its design more than that of any other species of poetry is to instruct, to guide the arts, and to trace the laws of propriety and reason. Like prosaical compositions it delivers the rules and the lessons of knowledge, while it borrows the harmony and images of measured numbers. It has been generally considered as that species of poetry, in which it is most difficult to excel. If it do not inculcate doctrines and opinions which are strictly just and which will be generally received, it will be condemned, and unless it present those in a manner pleasing and captivating it will fail in its design of instruction. The didactic poet who

successful must not only be gifted with the power of invention, but he must possess the taste of the critic and the erudition of the scholar. In order to render his subject the more pleasing and ornamental he may sometimes suffer himself to be carried away by his imagination, and may introduce episodes like the fables of Aristeus and Orpheus in the Georgics: But these digressions should always flow naturally from the subject, like small streams which wander from their native channel; they should always be concise and illustrative of some truth advanced in the poem. In didactic poetry a skilful arrangement should be observed. The branches of its argument are always numerous, and of different hues; in order to render these harmonious and to avoid the incoherence of transition, much attention and art are necessary. As in a building the pillars should be placed where the greatest supports are required, and the ornaments should be exhibited where they will produce the most striking effect; so in a poem of the didactic nature, the arguments should be arranged so as best to uphold

the doctrines maintained ; and the sentiments and illustrations should follow each other in that order which experience declares is the most impressive.

The different kinds of didactic poetry are as numerous as the different forms of truth. Some partake of a nature entirely speculative ; others deliver precepts which conduce to practice and to the regulation of life. Hesiod has written tracts on husbandry. Lucretius has written a poem on nature. Virgil's Georgics deliver useful directions to rural life. Horace, Vida and Boileau have taught the art of poetry. The Fleece of Dyer delights the lover of nature and instructs the husbandman. Pope has exhibited Man in various characters and under different circumstances. Sommerville has unkennelled the hounds, mounted the steed, blown the horn of the huntsman, and led on the chace. Akenside has unfolded the pleasures of imagination. Armstrong has taught the art of preserving health ; and Polwhele has exhibited the orator, and prescribed rules for his direction.

## PREFACE.

After this view of the qualities necessary to the didactic poet, and of the difficulties attending the plan and the execution of didactic poetry; with the examples before me, of those great masters of genius, and of science, who have trodden its rugged paths with the toil and patience of years, I have ventured with the haste, eagerness and rashness of youth, to invoke the same muse who has rewarded their toils, and to direct my course amidst regions hitherto unexplored....May I hope to be heard?

## THE DESIGN.

GENIUS is the highest power of the soul, and opens before the poet a subject interesting and extensive. The different faculties which are subservient to its influence, have frequently undergone investigation ; while genius itself, has seldom been examined with care. Genius receives assistance from all the intellectual powers ; but it is, however, to be carefully distinguished from them. We often meet with works of great invention, abounding with errors : the defect then, is not in the genius, but in the assisting powers. Taste has been called *passive genius*. It is necessary to direct the wild sallies of imagination, and to regulate the course of the inventive mind. Taste is more generally bestowed on mankind

than genius, and is dependent on cultivation and rules. Genius, though always incorrect without study and investigation, still overcomes every difficulty and penetrates through the thickest and most hidden recesses. It stoops not to the smaller niceties of taste, but, heedless of them, pours along its irresistible course. An excellent taste may exist with little invention, but invention is the distinguishing mark of genius. Taste is improved by the comparison of the different grades of sublimity and beauty. Genius, disdaining any imitation, strikes out a path for itself, wild and hazardous, where foot has never trodden. "Genius (says Lord Kaimes) is allied to a warm and inflammable constitution; delicacy of taste to calmness and sedateness; hence it is common to find genius in one who is a prey to every passion..... but seldom delicacy of taste."

The greatest incorrectness is frequently connected with genius. Numerous errors spring up in the most fruitful mind. The rich soil which gave birth to the oak, which waves its head in the tempest, also produces weeds and sickly flowers.

The slightest impulse is at times sufficient to rouse the full strength of genius. A spark communicated excites the most terrible explosion. The greatest river proceeds from the smallest fountain, rolls its waves over a large extent of country, and heaves its billows with the voice of the ocean.

It is supposed that the fall of an apple to the ground directed Newton to the investigation and discovery of the law of gravitation: that the sound of a smith's hammer gave to Pythagoras the first hint of his theory of music; and that a wretched dramatic performance, by an Italian of the name of Adreino, awakened the soul of Milton to the grand conception of *Paradise Lost*. Genius implies such vast comprehension, such facility in the association of ideas, as enable a person to call in the conceptions that are necessary to execute the design in which he is engaged. We will always discover that great stores of materials have been collected by his fancy, and subjected to his judgment. He darts with rapidity over the fields of his investigation; and

by this rapidity his ardour becomes more inflamed. “ The velocity of his motion sets him on fire, like a chariot wheel which is kindled by the quickness of its revolution.”\*

Since then invention is the infallible criterion of genius, and invention in poetry is active imagination ; since taste is necessary in order to form a polished genius, and taste is dependent on the judgment and sensibility ; it is evident that genius is intimately allied with all these powers, and its correctness and improvement must proceed from their universal or partial conjunction.

If such then is the exalted nature of genius, the joy and satisfaction which are connected with it are entitled to the same eminence. All those pleasures which Addison has traced from the source of imagination belong to genius ; for genius is the parent of imagination. The subjects upon which genius is exercised should be also respected and revered ; for they are the fields of pure and rational satisfaction. Whatever affords a proper

\* Milton.

entertainment, whatever softens the calamities of human life, is useful. Literature, next to religion, is the fountain of our greatest consolation and delight. Though it is a solemn truth that the profoundest erudition disconnected with religion cannot enlighten the dark region beyond the grave, or afford consolation on the bed of death; yet, when in union with religion, literature renders men more eminently useful, opens wider their intellect to the reception of divine light, banishes religious superstition, and bows the knee with purer adoration, before the throne of God. Literature, on the rugged journey of life, scatters flowers; it overshadows the path of the weary, and refreshes the desert with its streams. He who is prone to sensual pursuits, may seek his joy in the acquirement of silver and gold, and bury his affections with the treasure in his coffers. The nobler soul, enlightened by genius and taste, looks far above these possessions; his riches are the bounty of knowledge, his joys are those which the wealth of the miser cannot purchase. He contemplates nature in her various forms, and

finds companions where persons of different pursuits would experience the deepest solitude. "The studies of literature," says Cicero, "afford nourishment to our youth, delight our old age, adorn prosperity, supply a refuge in adversity, are a constant source of pleasure at home, are no impediment while abroad, attend us in the season of the night, and accompany us in our travels and retirements."

It is the design of the following poem to draw no more than the general outlines of genius, to describe its progress, to ascertain the marks by which it may be known, and to give the prominent features of those writers who have excelled in its different departments. Analytical writers have divided genius into two kinds. The one belongs to the sciences; the other to the arts. The one is employed in the discovery of truth; the other in the production of beauty. The one addresses its discoveries to the understanding; the other its productions to the taste. The one explores the labyrinths of intricacy; the other wanders through the mazes of delight. The characteris-

tic of the one is penetration ; but that of the other is brightness. In the following poem no such distinction is drawn, but genius is considered under different directions, and as influenced by various causes. The author does not pretend to do justice to all those characters, who have been distinguished for their genius ; he has exercised his judgment in introducing only those whom he thought would prove striking and confirming examples of the doctrines which he has advanced. The notes have been added to explain passages which may be doubtful, and to support general assertions which may require some confirmation. Prosaical illustrations, if pertinent to the subjects of the poem, it has been thought might prove pleasing and instructive to the larger class of readers.

The author shall not supplicate the candour, or indulgence of any individual, or any tribunal in favour of his poem. He is willing that it should stand or fall by its solitary merit. Whatever may be its fate, it was written with an honest intention, during those moments of leisure, in which he

could withdraw from the severer studies of his profession. If literature and morals are not benefitted by this effort; it will not be disgraceful to have failed in the design to promote them.

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO

## THE SECOND EDITION.

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THE reception which this work has met, has induced the author to prepare a second edition revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged. He has not been deaf to the voice of approbation, or of censure. While the former rewarded his toil and animated his exertions, the latter has rendered him more attentive to defects, and has directed him to the well-known and golden lines of Horace.

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,  
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: melius te posse negares,  
Bis terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat,  
Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.



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# **THE POWERS OF GENIUS.**

**PART I.**

## **ARGUMENT.**

*Genius described....Invention, the criterion of Genius....The alliance of Genius with Fancy....Memory, Judgment, and Sympathy....Progress of Genius....The climacterics of the Mind....Taste and Genius distinguished....Shakspeare's effect, and his neglect of Rules....Alonzo d'Ercilla....Genius produced without cultivation....Ossian....Ariosto....Burns....The influence of Climate and the face of Nature on the Mind....Geographical illustrations....Picture of the Savage.....Invention.*

THE  
*POWERS OF GENIUS.*

---

SAY what is Genius? words can ne'er define  
That power which springs from origin divine;  
Genius we know by her impetuous force;  
We know the torrent by its headlong course;  
We know the sun by his effulgent ray,  
Which gloom disperses from the face of day.  
Invention\* marks the genius of the soul,  
And on the lightning rides from pole to pole.

\* Invention is the first part of poetry and painting: and absolutely necessary to them both; yet no rule ever was or ever can be given how to compass it. A happy genius is the gift of Nature; it depends on the influence of the stars, say the astrologers; on the organs of the body, say the n<sup>o</sup>

It sweeps with comets its eccentric flight;  
 And soars in air beyond the world's dim sight; 10  
 Disdains the paths that common footsteps tread,  
 But breathes the spirit of the mountain head:  
 It flies through scenes unvisited before,  
 "Exhausts this world, and then imagines" more.  
 Allied with Genius see bright Fancy move  
 The queen alike of terror and of love;  
 She gives the wings on which Invention soars  
 And untried regions of the world explores.  
 With ease she varies her enchanting forms,  
 Now roves thro' peaceful meads, now flies with  
 storms : 20  
 Now her fair fingers kiss the shepherd's reed,  
 And now she shudders at some nameless deed:  
 Now sadly wandering thro' the twilight grove,  
 She tells the tale of unrequited love.

turalists; it is the peculiar gift of Heaven, say the divines. How to improve it many books can teach us; how to obtain it, none; that nothing can be done without it, all agree:

In nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.

Without invention a painter is but a copier, and a poet but a plagiary of others.

*Dryden's Parallel between Poetry and Painting.*

Now rous'd to rage she chills the soul with fear,  
 To arms she cries and grasps the quivering spear.  
 While sinks the world within the arms of sleep,  
 And Night's thick mantle falls upon the deep;  
 While not a murmur breaks the still serene,  
 And fairy footsteps only press the green, 30  
 Then wond'rous visions to her sight appear  
 And sounds celestial melt upon her ear;  
 Ev'n then enwrapt with murkiest shades she walks,  
 Pours sweetest numbers and with Genii talks.  
 ....The memory notes transactions as they roll,  
 And calls past images before the soul.  
 Forth at her magic call the scene appears  
 Which long lay buried in the depth of years;  
 The active principle on her relies,  
 On her foundation bids the building rise. 40  
 Judgment\* with these and Sympathy refin'd  
 Guide and improve the genius of the mind.

\* It is by judgment that we discern the propriety of the plan and the execution of a work; the conformity of stile and manner to its peculiar nature, the rectitude of sentiment, the probability of incident, the clearness of investigation and the uniformity of design...." Whatever (

'The heart too cold to feel the generous glow,  
 'The heart that melts not at another's woe,  
 'The heart that owns not Handel's angel-lay  
 'Shall sleep forever in its house of clay :  
 'There Genius never dwells an happy guest,  
 'She finds no entrance in the frozen breast.  
 Though erring taste be found in early years,  
 Yet blooming genius oft in youth appears ; 50  
 ' Youth sometimes burns with all the poet's rage,  
 And speaks the glory of a riper age.\*

Longinus) looks great both in poetry and prose, we must carefully examine whether it be not only appearance; we must divest it of all superficial pomp and garnish. If it cannot stand this trial, without doubt it is only swelled and puffed up, and it will be more for our honour to condemn than admire it.

\* Cowley, Dryden and Chatterton wrote several admired poems at a very early age. Milton wrote his paraphrases of the cxiv and cxv. psalms, at fifteen years of age. Tasso wrote his heroic poem, entitled Rinaldo, before he had attained his eighteenth year. Metastasio wrote a tragedy, entitled Guestino, while in his sixteenth year. Pope when no more than twelve years of age, wrote his ode-on Solitude, when sixteen he wrote his Pastorals, and when twenty he wrote his essay on Criticism. Collins while he  
 1 in his eighteenth year wrote his Eclogues. The

Behold where bursts the golden orb of day !  
 He rolls exulting in his fervid way ;  
 He grows in strength till from meridian height,  
 He pours on earth his streams of burning light.  
 Thus Genius first begins her brightening course,  
 Proceeds increasing in resistless force ;  
 And all collected in one great design,  
 Moves like a giant just refresh'd with wine : 60.  
 Then sweeps the storm which chills with loud  
 alarm,  
 Then falls the vigour of Alcides' arm.

The poet often gains a madman's name,  
 When first he kindles with the muse's flame,

orator Bossuet discovered in some measure while a school boy, his great powers. Of him the poet might have said :

“ Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled,  
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray  
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped.”

...It is related of Michael Angelo that he employed himself when a child, in drawing with a coal, rude outlines of figures. His parents who were noble, endeavoured to repress his darling propensity, not only by reprimands, but by stripes. The force of Genius however prevailed over the blushes and severity of his parents, and Angelo attained the highest eminence in painting, sculpture and architecture.

When wild and starting he appears in pain,  
 And shews a moon-struck phrenzy of the brain ;  
 The world cries out, " What ails our neighbour's  
 lad ?

'Tis pity of the boy, for he is mad ;"  
 He " often laughs aloud, and none know why,"  
 And looks so strange and wildly from his eye ;  
 Heedless he roves all pale with moody care, 71  
 What pleases others, he will never share.

At morn and evening on yon giddy steep,  
 'Tis said he stands, and overhangs the deep.  
 'Tis said, he wanders at the dead of night,  
 And like a ghost, avoids the glare of light ;  
 'Tis said, he babbles to the Moon's full-beam,  
 And sits, in silence, by the falling stream.

Research can scarcely modify and range  
 The various forms and times of mental change ;  
 Beneath fond Nature's care our bodies grow, 81  
 And bear the bounty which her hands bestow.

But if to Nature and her free controul,  
 Be unmolested left the human soul,  
 In deepest ignorance she would ever dwell,  
 Dungeon'd with Night within her gloomy cell.

Different in man we see the growth of mind,  
 Onward moves Genius, Dullness stays behind.  
 External causes lead to different ways,  
 When Passion prompts the ready mind obeys.  
 Some on the wings of wavering Fancy fly 91  
 While some in seas of metaphysics pry.  
 When first we enter life's deceitful scene,  
 Gaze on the sun and tread the lively green,  
 All Nature's objects meet our busy eyes  
 With equal pleasure, with the same surprise.  
 The same excitements chill our soul with fear,  
 The same afflictions draw the melting tear;  
 The same gay prospects kindle warm desire  
 Bid Hope stand tiptoe with her torch on fire....  
 When farther on life's journey we pursue, 101  
 And wider prospects open to our view;  
 For different objects then our passions burn,  
 To different paths our inclinations turn.  
 ...If we the progress of the mind survey,  
 From infant weakness to her sad decay,  
 We'll mark the change which years succeeding  
 bring,  
 The passions which from youth and manhood  
 spring.

....When first our frame the strength of youth assumes,

And novelty on every object blooms; 110

When knowledge first unrolls her endless page,

Rich with the records of preceding age,

The curious mind then roves with quick surprise,

Enjoys one object, to another flies;

Bends on each scene her momentary sight,

Sips like the bee, and wantons in delight.

....The wandering memory thro' the fields of lore

With thoughts and images augments her store:

Then Fancy fluttering in the morning beam, 119

Combines her pictures, gives to Hope her dream:

Then Judgment slumbering, we are led astray

And follow Fiction in her pathless way;

We love to listen to some dreadful tale

Which Mystery darkens with her magic veil.

We love to hear of ruins and of halls

Thro' which some dead-man's voice with shudder-

ing accent calls.

When years revolving riper knowledge bring

And prune the wildness of young Fancy's wing,

Then Nature rises in true colours dress'd,

we feel her image pictured on the breast.

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Then cold, disgusted at fair Falshood's charms,  
We throw the wanton from our vigorous arms;  
Press to our hearts the lovely form of Truth  
Cloth'd in the beauty of immortal youth.

Then Judgment, Reason hold their steadfast reign,  
Nor feel the tangles of Delusion's chain.

Enchantment then no longer holds its sway  
And Fancy's fairy landscape fades away.

Then toils the mind with firm unshaken pace,  
And follows Error in her winding chace: 140  
She searches Truth amidst the mighty deep,  
She climbs for Knowledge up the rugged steep:  
By demonstration she unveils Disguise,  
And shews the haunt where lurking Folly lies.

At length old age steals o'er the bending frame  
Destroys our vigour and our thirst for fame;  
To mental toil, then weariness succeeds,  
Remembrance looks upon our former deeds,  
Then no new conquests kindle our desires  
But proud Ambition glimmers and expires. 150

Then loves the mind on early days to dwell,  
To call past life from Memory's darken'd cell.  
Firm in opinions she maintains her course  
While Opposition spends in vain its force;

All her attainments cease....she bids no more  
 Invention labour in pursuit of lore ;  
 Chill o'er the senses noiseless stupors creep  
 And sink the passions in a deathful sleep,  
 Fitful and deep proceeds the vital breath 159  
 And man falls shivering in the arms of Death.  
 Then from the body bursts the ransom'd soul,  
 Spurns the base earth and soars where systems  
 roll,  
 Great God ! where angels in thy presence throng  
 She rests her flight and joins the ceaseless song.  
 Taste\* is the willing umpire of the soul,  
 And arm'd with sanctions acts without controul ;

\* Definitions often rather confuse than enlighten the mind. The arbitrary terms of metaphysical and logical writers, require a train of reasoning before we can observe the basis on which they are founded. It may, however, tend to place taste in a clearer view than we can by the measures of poetry, if we select from some approved authors, the most satisfactory definitions of taste. " Imagination united with some other mental powers, and operating as a percipient faculty, in conveying suitable impressions of what is elegant, sublime or beautiful, in art or nature, is called Taste."

This definition of Beattie has left unmentioned those mental powers united and operating with imagination ; it is also confined taste to the discernment of what is ele-

It takes from Genius a reflected ray,  
As Cynthia brightens from the source of day.  
The seeds of taste in numerous breasts are sown,  
But few can mighty Genius call their own. 170

gant or beautiful, without noticing its rejection of what is faulty and improper....it is therefore in this respect incomplete...." Taste (according to the classical writer of Fitzosborne's letters) is nothing more than an universal sense of beauty rendered more exquisite by genius and more correct by cultivation." This definition, though not equal to the former, contains one beautiful remark; which is, that taste is rendered more exquisite by genius and more correct by cultivation. A much more complete definition of taste than either of these, is given by Rollin. " Taste (says he) with reference to the reading of authors and composition, is a clear and distinct discerning of all the beauty, truth and justness of the thoughts and expressions, which compose a discourse. It distinguishes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and whilst, with a delicate and exquisite sagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expressions most likely to please, it perceives also all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and distinguishes precisely wherein those defects consist, and how far they are removed from the strict rules of art and the real beauties of nature. This happy faculty which it is more easy to conceive than define, is less the effect of genius than judgment, and a kind of natural reason wrought to perfection by study. It serves in composition to guide and direct the understand-

Born in his wilds, the rude and humble swain,  
Whose wishes centre in his small domain,  
Who night and morning breasts the chilling air,  
And tends his flock the object of his care ;  
Views Nature's landscape with admiring eye,  
And looks with wonder on the evening sky ;  
He loves the grandeur of the gliding flood,  
The pensive silence of the deep-dark wood ;  
He loves to hear, while stretch'd on lowly bed,  
The storm beat loudly on his little shed ; 180.  
Delighted views the golden sun of morn  
And hears the hunter wind his early horn ;  
The voice of music meets his willing ear,  
The tale of sorrow ever claims his tear.  
These warm impressions speak uncultur'd Taste,  
Which lives with rustics in the dreary waste ;  
Which spreads o'er Nature an enrapturing smile,  
And smooths for man the rugged brow of 'Toil.

ing. It makes use of the imagination but without submitting to it, and keeps it always in subjection. It consults nature universally, follows it step by step, and is a faithful image of it.

Who loves to wander o'er romantic plains, 189  
 Will likewise love the bard's descriptive strains;  
 Who loves to listen to the feathered throng,  
 Entraptur'd hears the poet raise his song.\*

\* That mind possesses the seeds of taste, and frequently of imitative genius, which is powerfully impressed by the diversified appearances of nature: which is soothed, delighted, and aroused, by the valley, the lawn, the wilderness, the mountain, the rivulet and the ocean; which listens with correspondent emotions to the whisper of the breeze, and to the howling of the midnight storm. The sense of beauty and of grandeur is peculiar to man. The herd in common with him sensually enjoy the seasons as they roll. They repose upon the bank and beneath the shade of the tree; they receive their nourishment from the pasture and the stream; but man only perceives the images of beauty and sublimity in the skies and in the objects which surround him.

The pastoral, is generally the most delightful species of poetry to youthful genius. Smitten with the love of nature, her poetical enthusiast dwells unwearied on the pages of those who have depicted her charms; he roves with delight through the divine Georgics,....through Milton's descriptive scenes,....through the seasons of Thomson and the task of Cowper: He adopts the language of the bard of the Castle of Indolence.

I care not Fortune what you me deny;  
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,

Judgment to all in every state is given,  
 But Genius is the rarest boon of heaven.  
 The world's small limits can but few contain,  
 Who more than worlds, hold in their boundless  
 reign ;

You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face ;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns by living stream at eve.

The “ Farmer's Boy” is a fine exhibition of untutored genius. It discovers the powerful influence which the scenes of nature have upon the feeling bosom. The descriptions which it contains are accurate, but they are inferior to those of Burns in a glowing and exciting warmth. ....Cowper in the fourth book of his Task beautifully describes the sensations of his early days, when he began to feel the inspiration of the Muse :

My very dreams were rural ; rural too,  
 The first born efforts of my youthful muse,  
 Sportive and jingling her poetic bells :  
 Ere yet the ear was mistress of their powers  
 No Bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd  
 To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats  
 Fatigu'd me, never weary of the pipe  
 Of Tityrus, assembling as he sung,  
 The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.

Only an age can give a giant birth,  
 Then more than earthquakes shake the solid earth.  
 Taste is confin'd to rules, it moves in chains,  
 Genius those fetters and those rules disdains;\* 200

Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:  
 New to my taste his Paradise surpass'd  
 The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue  
 To speak its excellence.

\* If we examine the greatest works of genius that have appeared in the world, we will find that they were all written without attention to the rules or directions of any critic. Milton though he had Aristotle's writings full in his remembrance, nobly despised them. To impose laws upon Genius, is like hoppling an Arabian courser. After Aristotle wrote his Rhetorick and Poetics, no second Homer, no second Sophocles appeared. The greatest works of Rome were written before the art of poetry existed.....

"Immitation (says Dr. Young) is inferiority confessed; emulation is superiority contested or denied; imitation is servile, emulation generous; that fetters, this fires; that may give a name, this a name immortal. This made Athens to succeeding ages the rule of Taste, and the standard of perfection. Her men of genius struck fire against each other; and kindled by conflict into glories which no time can extinguish. We thank Eschuylus for Sophocles and Parrhasius for Zeuxis; Emulation for both. That bids us fly the general fault of immitators; bids us not be struck

No bands can hold her when she upward springs,  
 No storm can stay the thunder of her wings,  
 O'er fields of blood she takes her wandering flight,  
 And calls from Death the shrieking ghosts of Night.  
 When Homer wrote no critic's laws confin'd,  
 The outstretch'd genius of his soaring mind ;  
 He look'd on Nature, Nature's voice obey'd,  
 And snatch'd that glory which can never fade ;  
 The subtle stagyrite then weav'd his rules,  
 And form'd a race of imitating fools.      210

Hark ! from the heath I hear some footstep  
 dread,  
 Which beats the earth with hollow sounding tread ;  
 Hark ! from the tomb a voice of terror breaks,  
 The air breathes cold, the ground beneath me  
 shakes,  
 A ghost appears, the moon withdraws her beams,  
 And all the thickets sound with frightful screams ;  
 The critic's voice is now as hush'd as death,  
 His eyes are fix'd, we scarcely hear his breath ;  
 by the loud report of former fame, as with a knell which  
 damps the spirits, but as with a trumpet which inspires  
 ardour to rival the renowned."

Great Shakspeare\* now commands the midnight hour,  
And o'er the soul extends his dreadful power. 220  
When in the tempest rais'd by Prosper's hand  
He waves o'er Nature his commanding wand;  
When on the field of Bosworth, Richard lay,  
And horrors shuddered at approaching day,  
The ghosts of York hung o'er his trembling bed  
And breath'd their vengeance on their murderer's head;  
When Ariel sings and moves amid the air;  
When Banquo rises to the vacant chair;

\* So much has been said and written concerning this wonderful man, that no one can add to his praises, and no one without arrogance can attempt to detract from them. In the list of Genius, Shakspeare is perhaps the brightest name. His superiority of invention gives him his superiority of genius. His limited education allowed him little opportunity of being acquainted with the writers of Greece and of Rome. His soul was kindled by no borrowed fire. He was visited by no beams but those of the sun of Nature. In the smaller accomplishments of the poet, he is often-times deficient; but the richness of his description, his propriety of sentiment, his accuracy and variation of characters, and above all that inventive power which calls an ideal world into existence, mark the great original.

When Hamlet's ghost, the bell then beating one,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Stalks pale and sullen by his warlike son. 230  
 Then gloom and terror throw their mantle round,  
 And every power lies still in awe profound.

Where Auracauna nurs'd her warlike race,  
 Wild as the tempest, fleeting in the chace,  
 Ercilla pour'd his bold and wandering strain,  
 The pride of Genius and the boast of Spain.  
 When rest succeeded to the toils of war  
 And in the sky appear'd the evening star,  
 Stretch'd on a rock and drench'd with falling dew,  
 He heard the dictates of his epict muse. 240

\* HORATIO....Well, sit we down,  
 And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BERNARDO....Last night of all,  
 When yon same star that's westward from the pole,  
 Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven  
 Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,  
 The bell then beating one.....

MARCELLUS.....Peace, break thee off, look where it  
 comes again. HAMLET.

<sup>†</sup> About the end of the sixteenth century, the poem  
 here alluded to was produced in Spain. It is celebrated  
 for peculiar beauties, for the singularity of the subject,  
 and is remarkable from the character of its author. His

A perfect taste dwells only in the mind,  
With manners polish'd, sentiments refin'd ;  
But Genius rises from the darkest shade,  
Where never ploughshare cut the barren glade.  
Amidst his native wilds and misty plains,  
Sublimest Ossian, pours his wizard strains.  
The voice of old revisits his dark dream,  
On his sad soul the deeds of warriors beam ;

name was Don Alonzo d'Ercilla Y. Cuniga, he commanded some troops in Chili, where he waged war in a little mountainous country, called Auracauna, inhabited by a race of men more robust and ferocious than all the other American nations. In this war he underwent extreme dangers, and performed the most astonishing actions: This occasioned him to conceive the design of immortalizing himself, by immortalizing his enemies. He was both a conqueror and a poet, and entitled his poem Auracauna, from the name of the country. His pen was as busily employed amidst those wilds as his sword. He wrote his poem on the scenes of his battles: and as night afforded more rest from the toils of war than the day, he often obeyed the dictates of his muse, reclining on the rocks, and aided by the light of the moon. As he could not at all times obtain paper, parts of his work were written upon leather and upon the bark of trees. He has introduced much fire in his battles. His poem is as wild as the nations who are the subject, and discovers great copiousness and strength of imagination.

Alone he sits upon the distant hill,  
Beneath him falls a melancholy rill; 250  
His harp lies by him on the rustling grass,  
The deer before him thro' the thickets pass;  
No hunter winds his slow and sullen horn,  
No whistling cow-herd meets the breath of morn;  
O'er the still heath the meteors dart their light  
And round him sweep the mournful blasts of Night.  
O voice of Cona, bard of other times,  
May thy bold spirit visit these dull climes!  
May the brave chieftains of thy rugged plains,  
Remember Ossian\* and revere his strains! 260

\* Ossian may be called the most mournful of bards. It is impossible to read his poems without being lulled into a thoughtful melancholy which is more beneficial to the heart than the brightest joy. The regions which a poet inhabits will always give a cast to his strains. Ossian amidst his isle of mists caught his gloomy enthusiasm. There was presented to his view a wild, picturesque and melancholy country, long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath. There he wandered through narrow vallies, thinly inhabited and bounded by precipices, which by the light of the moon presented a landscape the most grotesque and ghastly. There he heard on every side the fall of torrents, the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes, and the hollow





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pare their inherent merits we will at once see the greater originality of Ariosto, and with tenderness of Tasso....Tasso abounds with some moving beauties of poetry, but he also abounds in tinsel, and the general outlines of his plot drawn from Homer's Iliad....Whereas Ariosto dis-



See Ariosto\* take his boundless course  
Thro' fields of air upon his griffin horse;

sound of the winds through the rocks and the caverns, which he has compared to the voice of a spirit. The admiration which the works of Ossian have excited abroad, is a confirming evidence of their excellence, and should meliorate the criticism of those whose taste is submissive to the prejudice of the great Dr Johnson. Most of the nations of Europe have listened to the songs of Ossian with delight. The Germans prefer them to the Iliad and the *Ænied*....and they have received in Spain all the decorations which the printer and painter could afford.

\* This poet, whom the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* has classed among the greatest geniuses of the world, had the kindred soul of Shakspeare. His imagination appears from his works to be inexhaustible. His impetuosity bears him above every difficulty. Amid fields of unlimited space he could only stretch his wings. His immense bark could float on no other waves than those of the ocean. His mighty arm would wield no sword but that of Orlando, which fell upon the foe like the thunder of heaven. In genius, Ariosto is much superior to his rival Tasso, but he sinks behind him in taste and in correctness. If we compare their different merits we will at once be struck with the greater originality of Ariosto, and with the greater tenderness of Tasso....Tasso abounds with some of the most moving beauties of poetry, but he also abounds with glittering tinsel, and the general outlines of his poem are drawn from Homer's Iliad....Whereas Ariosto disdained

From which he looks upon the world below,  
 And bids the storms beat on his dauntless brow:  
 Ten thousand phantoms glimmer in his sight,  
 And on the winds attend him in his flight.  
 When knights and war he sings and war's alarms,  
 He speaks in terror, like the god of arms;  
 But when Angelica's soft charms he sings,  
 An angel's pinions sweep his trembling strings. 270

Untaught by science, not refin'd by art,  
 His sole instructors Nature and the heart;  
 See lowly Burns\* move slowly o'er the lea,  
 And breathe the song of sweetest harmony.

any imitation. He delighted in the sublimity of irregularity. His flight is regulated by no rules. He soars beyond the reach of criticism

\* Burns to an exquisite sensibility united a power of description, not inferior to that of the author of the Seasons. His scanty information, however, repressed the exertions of his wild Genius. His muse seldom looks beyond the glens of Scotland, its hills and romantic waters. Soured by misfortune and doomed to feel the pains of those, who, in humble life have listened to the trump of Fame, he sought indulgence to his sorrow among those scenes, which while they soothed his mind, awoke the pathos of his muse. His Cotter's Saturday Night....his Address to a Mountain Daisy...his Lament of Mary Queen of Scots....his Lament on a

Or see him seek the distant sounding shore  
 His soul delighted with the dashing roar;  
 Or when young summer mantles o'er the earth  
 And warm with life gives every flowret birth,  
 See him muse lonely o'er the village green,  
 And view with rapture each reviving scene, 280  
 Snatch his quick pencil and with fervour trace  
 " Transporting Nature in her wildest grace,\*  
 " The Tay meand'ring in his infant pride,  
 " The palace rising on his verdant side,  
 " The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's simple taste,  
 " The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,  
 " The arches striding o'er the running stream,  
 " The village glittering in the noontide beam,  
 " The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,  
 " Th' incessant roar of headlong-tumbling floods."

Friend's Unfortunate Amour....his Lament on the Death of the Earl of Glencairn....his Vision....and the Petition of Bruar Water will be lasting monuments of his talents. The history of this bard, written by Dr. Currie, and prefixed to his elegant edition of his works, is a composition extremely pleasing, and possesses biographical merit of the very first order.

\* The lines which are quoted, with little variation, are taken from Burns.

See him arouse his heaven-instructed lyre, 291  
 And look through Nature, with creative fire !  
 With feeling heart attune his melting strain,  
 And sing the manners of the simple swain.

Say in what clime does Genius love to dwell,  
 Where sounds the sweetest her enchanting shell ?  
 Do climates change the bias of the mind,  
 Are all her powers by earth or air inclin'd ?  
 ....Seldom will Genius dwell with unsun'd snows,  
 Or on the lap of burning heat repose ; 300  
 Seldom she seeks the deep terrific shade,  
 Where Culture's footsteps never press'd the glade,  
 Incessant cold chills her impetuous course  
 And melting suns destroy her active force.  
 In endless solitude her powers decay  
 Imagination sickens, dies away :  
 To social life Man every comfort owes,  
 There Fancy brightens, Emulation glows.  
 There Joy is born and Friendship's healing charm,  
 And Sorrow leans on Love's supporting arm ; 310  
 Compassion binds with silken ties the heart,  
 And Union links the varied forms of Art.

...The human fabrick early from its birth  
 Feels some fond influence from its parent Earth :  
 In different regions different forms we trace,  
 Here dwells a feeble, there an iron race ;  
 Here Genius lives and wakeful Fancies play,  
 Here noiseless Stupor sleeps its life away.  
 A rugged race the cliffs and mountains bear,  
 They leap the precipice and breast the air, 320  
 Follow the chamois on the pointed rock,  
 And clamber heights to seek their bearded flock.  
 Loud from the Baltic\* sounds the dreadful storm  
 And gathering hosts the face of day deform :  
 Beneath their rage the soft Italian yields  
 His boasted laurels and his blooming fields.  
 The wandering Tartars† by their rigorous land,  
 Were led to war, to victory and command.

\* The German nations who bordered on the Baltic coast have always been distinguished for their emigration and warlike disposition. The classical reader will recollect the Teutones and Cimbri who united their forces, which amounted to 300,000 men, and invaded the Roman territories ; Ariovistus and his German bands, the invaders of Gaul ; the Suevi, the Goths, the Vandals and the Lombards who made numerous irruptions into the Roman empire.

† The climate of the Tartars, and their mode of life were such as to harden and invigorate their constitutions

While southern climes were sunk in deep repose,  
 (An easy conquest to invading foes.) 330  
 They call'd to arms their sanguine flag unfurl'd  
 And spread their conquests o'er the wondering  
 world....

....Where spreads the quiet and luxuriant vale,  
 Forever fan'd by Spring's ambrosial gale,  
 Where over pebbles runs the limpid rill  
 And woods o'er-shade the wildly-sloping hill:  
 There roves the swain, all-gentle and serene,  
 And guards his sheep while browsing on the green.  
 He leads the dance by Cynthia's silver light  
 And lulls with sport the dusky ear of Night; 340  
 Breathes from his pipe the dulcet strain of Love  
 And warbles Ellen thro' the mead and grove.  
 ....In those drear climes where scorching suns  
 prevail,

And Fever rides the tainted burning gale;  
 Where draws the giant-snake his loathsome train,  
 And poisons with his breath the yellow plain;  
 Their disputes for water in a country without land-marks,  
 the skirmishes between the rival clans, taught them skil-  
 fulness in war.

There languid Pleasure waves her gilded wings  
And slothful Ease the mental power unstrings.

....Where Iceland spreads her dark and frozen wild  
On whose fell snows no cheering sun-beam smil'd,  
There in their stormy, cold, and midnight cell 351  
The cheerless fishermen with Stupor dwell,  
Wrapt in their furs they slumber life away  
And mimic with their lamps the light of day....

Chill thro' his trackless pines the hunter-pass'd,  
His yell arose upon the howling blast:  
Before him fled with all the speed of fear  
His wealth and victim, yonder helpless deer.  
Saw you the savage-man, how fell and wild,  
With what grim pleasure as he pass'd he smil'd?  
Unhappy man! a wretched wigwam's shed 361  
Is his poor shelter, some dry skins his bed;  
Sometimes alone upon the woodless height  
He strikes his fire and spends his watchful night;  
His dog with howling bays the moon's red-beam  
And starts the wild-deer in his nightly dream....  
Poor savage-man, for him no yellow grain  
Waves its bright billows o'er the fruitful plain;  
For him no harvest yields its full supply  
When Winter hurls his tempests thro' the sky. 370

No joys he knows but those which spring from strife,  
 Unknown to him the charms of social life.  
 Rage, Malice, Envy, all his thoughts controul,  
 And every dreadful passion burns his soul....  
 Should Culture meliorate his darksome home,  
 And cheer those wilds where he is wont to roam ;  
 Beneath the hatchet should his forests fall  
 And the mild tabor warble thro' his hall,  
 Should fields of tillage yield their rich increase,  
 And thro' his wastes walk forth the arts of peace ;  
 His sullen soul would feel a genial glow,                   381  
 Joy would break in upon the night of woe ;  
 Knowledge would spread her mild, reviving ray,  
 And on his wigwam rise the dawn of day....  
 ....Genius awaken in this new-born land,  
 Hold o'er these climes thy sceptre of command ;  
 Here wave thy banners, sound thy trump of Fame,  
 And give to Glory the Columbian name ;  
 Drive darkness far before thy golden ray  
 And let us live beneath thy noon of day....           390  
 Some native bard O kindle with thy fire !  
 And bid him pour the torrent of thy lyre,  
 Unfold thy visions to his searching mind,  
 Thy wreaths of laurel round his temples bind !

# THE POWERS OF GENIUS.

## PART II.

## **ARGUMENT.**

*Education necessary to give Genius its full power and usefulness.....Beattie's Edwin described.....Milton.....Johnson.....Sir William Jones.....Subjects of Genius....Satire....Genius, though daring, excels also in subjects of the most soft and pleasing kind....Virgil's Eclogues....Petrarch....Gray....Cowper....The force of Fiction....Rousseau.....Richardson.....Fielding....Genlis....Burney....Radcliffe....Female Genius....The varied direction of Genius.*

THE  
*POWERS OF GENIUS.*

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THO' in the dreary depths of Gothic gloom,  
Genius will burst the fetters of her tomb;  
Yet Education should direct her way,  
And nerve, with firmer grasp, her powerful sway.  
To shun instruction from the ancient page,  
Despise the records of the classic age,  
Would be the folly of a truant-mind  
To counsel deaf, to its true interest blind.  
He that neglects the culture of the soil  
Whose richness would reward his utmost toil, 10  
Deserves more censure than the rugged swain  
Who wastes no labour on the barren plain.

....The mind on knowledge and on science bent,  
Would sooner learn from others, than invent.  
But few can hope unaided to explore  
Where human footstep never was before.  
Science still wears the blooming face of youth,  
And darkness yet conceals some useful truth:  
We should not spurn our Father's toil and aid  
But build where sages their foundation laid. 20  
Round the old oak the springing ivy twines,  
Nor shuns support the wild luxuriant vines.  
Wisdom a venerable form appears  
Moving along beneath a load of years.  
The comet's glare enlightens not the world,  
Which flies thro' Heaven, in wild confusion hurl'd;  
But 'tis the Sun that holds his stedfast sphere,  
And crowns the seasons of the rolling year.  
The marble buried, in its native mines,  
Conceals the beauty of its clouds and lines; 30  
The sculptor's polish can each feature give,  
And even make the rugged marble live!  
Thus Genius, in the night of darkness born,  
May wind, unnotic'd, her resounding horn,

Unless fair Science to her wondering soul,  
 The page of Knowledge and of Art unrol.  
 Like the stout traveller straying from his course,  
 She errs the more from her exhaustless force.  
 Young Edwin\* wandered in his native dell,  
 And woke the music of his simple shell ; 40  
 With pondering awe, he from the giddy steep,  
 " Like ship-wreck'd mariner," o'erhung the deep,  
 And listen'd to the billow's solemn roar,  
 Which rolling fell upon the winding shore.  
 With morning dawn, he left his lowly shed,  
 And, led in wonder, sought the mountain head,  
 Where, hid in trees, and seated on the ground,  
 He listen'd to the bell's far-distant sound.  
 His thoughtful mind unlettered, would explore  
 And muse in sadness that he knew no more ; 50  
 At length an hermit, to his longing eyes,  
 Bade the sad visions of the world arise ;  
 To his attention all his lore express'd,  
 And rous'd the Genius kindled in his breast.

\* See Beattie's Minstrel.....a work of the justest sentiment, of the finest painting, and which gives to the world a picture in Edwin that can never be too much admired

'The Muse of Milton\* in his infant days  
 Lisp'd in sweet numbers, pour'd prolific lays,  
 With dauntless soul his little arms he spread  
 To grasp the wreaths which hung from Homer's  
 head.

Rous'd by the wonders of the classic page,  
 He gave to study all his early age; 66  
 In thirst of knowledge and his favourite lore  
 He sought instruction on a foreign shore,

\* I have thought no writer would answer better to confirm the doctrine which has been advanced than Milton....The voice of criticism has pronounced him the most learned among the poets....His vast information, while it did not restrain, regulated his flight. Such was his ambition to excel, such was his love of learning, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his studies until midnight. When he arrived at his seventeenth year he was a good classical scholar, was master of several languages and had produced several of his approved poems. In the year 1638, he set out upon his travels, he visited France, and most parts of Italy, and after having been abroad one year and three months, after having been caressed by the princes and literary characters of France and Italy; after having conversed with the most famous men of the age, with Grotius at Paris, with Gallileo in the prison of the Inquisition, he returned home to call to action his cultivated and emulating powers....It is

Courted the Muses in Italian plains  
Where his lov'd Tasso pour'd his melting strains.  
....Crown'd with th' applauses of imperial Rome,  
He turns his footsteps toward his native home ;  
'There gives to Wisdom all his studious hours,  
And gives expansion to his mighty powers ;  
At length prepar'd, he spreads his wings for flight  
And seeks the realms of uncreated light..... 70  
....With vast conception, steadfast and alone  
See Johnson\* seated on his critic-throne,

said that his first desire of writing an epic poem, was excited by a conversation which he had with the Marquis of Villa concerning Tasso, and that he first thought of selecting king Arthur as his Hero.

\* To Dr. Johnson Literature is probably more generally indebted than to any other author which England has produced. His was one of those stupendous minds which is the proper subject of wonder. His weaknesses which were shades to his brightness, serve to shew us that the utmost strength of intellect is unable to overcome the failings of mortality. His violent prejudices, and some evident partialities and errors in his criticisms are the most formidable objections against him ; but even these in him " seem as the spots of heaven more fiery by night's blackness." His style is the most nervous and dignified in the English language, and could a few words and expressions be excluded from it, it would be the most

Genius with Science and with Judgment meet  
And form in him a character complete.  
Throughout his isle the candidates for fame  
Bow with just reverence at his mighty name.

correct. His Dictionary undertaken and executed alone, under the pressure of disease, and under mental afflictions, is a prodigious work, and one to which our language is everlastingly indebted. His Rambler, excepting one or two papers, the production of his single pen, contains a system of ethics most pleasingly delivered. His Lives of the Poets are more edifying and delightful, than the lives of all the military heroes ever written: You are there conducted to the closet of Genius, where you may inspect her minutest actions: she is there represented to your view, active amidst the busy scenes, and reclined in indulgence beneath the shade of solitude. Plutarch in Biography must yield to Johnson. His Rassellas displays powers of invention: It is too gloomy generally to please, but its lessons should be imprinted upon every heart. His London, and Vanity of Human Wishes are fine satires; and his Irene, if not calculated for the stage will please in the closet. His Prefaces, to his Dictionary and to Shakspeare exceed all performances of the kind in the English language. Biography has been copious in the praise of this great man, but it can never do him more than justice. His life, and essays on his genius and works, have been written by Boswell, Anderson, and Murphy: The last of these authors has given the best critical view of his writings.

When he the Poet's life sublimely draws,  
 The world grows wise from his poetic laws.  
 Whene'er he rambles thro' the haunts of men,  
 Instruction follows his impressive pen. 80  
 Whene'er he wakes the music of his lyre  
 The world must honour, Genius must admire.  
 When he in oriental numbers sings  
 Invention wafts him on her boldest wings.  
 On Jones's\* birth the Arts and Graces smil'd,  
 And Genius mark'd him for her darling child.

\* Sir William Jones was a prodigy of genius, and of erudition. He was a favourite of what is commonly called Fortune, and was distinguished for his personal elegance and attractiveness of manners. He wrote, and spoke fluently many languages, and merely considered as a Linguist, his attainments were astonishing. He had already become eminent as a lawyer when he accepted his honourable appointment in the East, from which he derived a yearly income of forty or fifty thousand pounds sterling. His Asiatic researches have enlightened the world, and furnished additional evidences to the Christian religion. His dissertations on the poetry of the East and on the arts called imitative, discover nice and accurate critical discernment. His translation of the speeches of Isaeus, throws light upon the practice of the ancient law. As a poet his merit is unquestionably great. His diction is nervous and his imagery splendid. His versification has the sweet

The eastern worlds to him their lore unfold  
 And Mecca\* gives her glittering rolls of gold.  
 Both strength and elegance adorn his style,  
 And flows his Muse more fruitful than the Nile. 90  
 In his sweet song Arcadia blooms again,  
 Breathes its perfumes and waves its yellow grain.

Subjects of grandeur, beautiful or new  
 Invention loves, on these she bends her view,  
 These her great plans, her loftiest thoughts inspire,  
 From these she catches an increasing fire.  
 If she descends to chaunt in sportive lays,  
 She like Alcides with the spindle plays.  
 Tho' Genius mostly loves the epic lyre  
 Yet oft she scourges with an honest ire, 100  
 The crimes, the follies of an impious aget,  
 The warbling nonsense of some hot-press'd page.

ness and correctness of Pope. His "Solima" " Palace of Fortune," "Seven Fountains," Arcadia and Laura are enchanting performances.

\* "The Moallakat," or the seven Arabian poems of Muriolkais, of Tarafa, of Zohair, of Libeid, of Antara, of Amru, of Hareth, preserved by Sir William Jones, were suspended on the temple at Mecca, with a translation and arguments.

† Though nothing can be farther from the truth than the assertion of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of

'Tho' Genius mostly loves some daring theme,  
Yet she can warble with the tinkling stream;  
'Tho' her bold hand strikes the hoarse thundering  
strings,  
Yet not the nightingale more sweetly sings.  
Hush! every sound...let not a zephyr move;  
O, let me listen to those notes of love!  
For tender Virgil\* breathes his softest strain,  
And Amaryllis fills the shady plain: 110

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Truth; though Virtue needs no such advocate as Ridicule to plead her cause; yet there are many vices and follies which are the proper subjects of its severity and scourging: There are productions of false, perverted taste which more deserve the lash, than the attention of serious and dignified criticism. It is a mistaken opinion too much indulged, that the excellency of satire consists rather in its severity and exaggeration than in its truth. Satire like the knife of the surgeon, in most cases should cut, not to destroy but to save.

\* The Eclogues of Virgil have been the models of the most finished pastorals, that have since been written. Pope's pastorals have little more to recommend them than their smoothness of versification. The writer who approaches nearest to the great master of this species of poetry, is Gessner. His Idyls observe a style peculiar to themselves. He is happy in his selection of simple and affecting incidents; of such as have great force upon the

5

His voice of music lulls the stilly scene;  
 And not a whisper flits across the green.  
 In transport lost I tread some fairy shade,  
 And hear the accents of my peerless maid !  
 Her silent footsteps thro' the glade I trace,  
 And seem to clasp her in my fond embrace ;  
 Around me flows the breath of every flower,  
 And wildest music breaks from every bower.

Thou murmuring breeze ! O bear upon thy wing  
 That strain, which flows from Petrarch's\* mourn-  
 ful string.

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heart. Dr. Johnson in his criticism upon Virgil's Eclogues, after noticing the beauties and defects of each one, gives the preference to the first. In this decision he has been generally followed.

\* This singular character was born at Arezzo, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Europe began to shake off the long slumbers of Gothic night, and to hail the morning of Literature. Early in life he received the patronage of the noble family of Colonna, under whose shelter he was enabled to prosecute his studies, and to obtain stores of information unequalled in that day. His romantic attachment for Laura, who was the wife of the young Hughes de Sades, is well known. He first saw this lady, at the time of matins, in the monastery of St. Claire. He was instantly struck with her face, her air, her per-

O speak those charms which Petrarch's Laura  
wears !

O breathe that passion which he mourn'd in tears !

son, her dark and tender eyes, " her ringlets interwoven with the hands of love," her gentle and modest carriage, and the melting sound of her voice. Unhappy in his passion, and unable to banish it from him, he mourned over it in his sonnets with the most inimitable tenderness, and sought for its alleviation in the solitary shades of Vaucluse ; but all his efforts to forget the object of his affection were in vain. Though he concealed himself in solitude from the observation of men ; yet the image of Laura followed him there. During his abode in this retreat, and while engaged in writing an epic poem, in honour of Scipio, which he called Africa, he received a letter from the Roman senate urging him, with many intreaties, to come to Rome, and receive the crown of laurel. On the same day in which this letter came to his hands, a courier arrived, bearing a similar invitation from the chancellor of the university at Paris. Petrarch decided in favour of Rome ; and in the year 1341, amid the joy and shouts of a vast assembly, was crowned, with pomp and solemnity, at that capital.....Amid these intoxicating honours, " I blushed," says he " at the applauses of the people, and the unmerited commendations with which I was overwhelmed." Soon after, writing to a friend, he says, " These laurels which encircled my head were too green; had I been of riper age and understanding I would not have sought them. Old men love only what is useful; young men run after appearances, without regarding their end

Thou stream of Time! bear in thy course, along,  
The early lustre of Italian song!

This crown rendered me neither more wise nor more eloquent; it only served to raise envy, and to deprive me of the repose I enjoyed. From that time tongues and pens were sharpened against me; my friends became my enemies, and I suffered the just effects of my confidence and presumption."....Such is the unsatisfying nature of all human honours, and all human enjoyments! Seven years after this coronation, Laura died of the plague which ravaged all Italy. Petrarch has celebrated her virtues and accomplishments, in an exquisite elegy, which bears her name, and which has been admirably translated by Sir William Jones. From the account of biographers she was one of the most beautiful, accomplished and virtuous ladies of the age in which she lived. On a blank leaf of a manuscript copy of Petrarch's Virgil, the following lines were written by his own hand: "Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated in my verses, appeared to my eyes, for the first time, the sixth of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the church of St. Claire, at the first hour of the day: I was then in my youth. In the same city, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary disappeared from our world! I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched situation. That chaste and beautiful body was buried the same day, after vespers, in the church of Cordeliers: her soul returned to its native mansion in heaven! To retrace the melancholy remembrance of this great loss, I have written it, with a pleasure mixed with bitterness, in a book to which I often

To lone Vauchuse let all the loves repair!  
 And tell their sorrows to her listening air;  
 There oft, when Cynthia threw her midnight beam  
 Along the banks, and o'er the silver stream,  
 Unhappy Petrarch wandered through the vale,  
 Wept with the dews, and murmur'd with the gale!

With all the learning of his favour'd isle, 131  
 With Genius, basking in the Muse's smile,  
 See pensive Gray\* awake the Theban lyre,  
 And soar to heights where Pindar would expire!

refer. Since the strongest cord of my life is now broken, with the grace of God I shall easily renounce a world where my cares have been deceitful; and my hopes vain and perishing."

Petrarch died in the year 1374, at Arqua, and his body was interred in the chapel of the Virgin, which he, not long before his death, had built.

\* In what manner shall I speak of this accomplished author? Or how shall I describe the delight which he has given me? To call him the greatest poet of his day, will not express his merits.....to place him at the head of all lyric and elegiac poets, would be no more than his due! He has indeed written but little; but that little is in a superlative manner. He reverenced the world too much to give it the hasty production of a day. He wrote for immortality, and immortality will be his reward. He was a poet who consulted his feelings when he wrote. The

When tolls the curfew the departing day,  
 " And lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,"  
 Mark how, in thoughtful mood, he takes his way,  
 Thro' the lone church-yard, to his favourite tree!  
 " Or see him by the green woodside along, 139  
 While homeward hies the swain, his labour done,  
 Oft as the woodlark pipes his farewell song,  
 With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

Hear Cowper\* raise his bold and moral song,  
 Arm'd with sweet tenderness, in virtue strong;

lence of seclusion, and the gloom of melancholy, dictated his Elegy in a Country Church-Yard. He has himself acknowledged, in a letter to his friend, that an aged Welchman, playing on his harp, excited him to complete his ode, entitled, " The Bard."

\* England has lately lost this excellent man and poet ....to whom she is indebted for his elegant instructions conveyed in the *Task*. Cowper was a writer, original in his thoughts, and undaunted in his delivery of truth. His representations are uncommonly striking: I need only instance his picture of Omai....the Woodman, and his Dog....Crazy Kate....and Mysagathus.....His principal faults are his want of connection throughout his poem, and his not attending sufficiently to the harmony of his numbers. He discovers, in numerous passages, that he was capable of the utmost harmony. Cowper's satires, particularly his 'able Talk, and *Progress of Error*, are among the most

Truth, while he sings, lets fall her honest tears!  
And mad Oppression startles while he hears!

When Fiction lifts her mirror to the eye,  
And mimic lightnings from the surface fly....  
When, by the magic of her winning charms,  
She draws her captives to her downy arms, 150  
She gives Delusion all the grace of Truth,  
She gives Delusion all the grace of Truth,  
And thrills the fancy of enraptur'd youth!  
Then Genius manifests her varied art,  
And reigns the mistress of th' impassioned heart.  
Thou tyrant of the heart, sublime Rousseau!  
Thou son of Genius, and thou sport of Woe!  
Why did not virtue prompt thy wond'rous page,  
And purest love repress thy lawless rage?  
Thine Eloisa then had reign'd alone,  
And held the sceptre of the fairy throne. 160  
See copious Richardson's\* consummate art,  
Rouse every passion of the feeling heart!

chaste and dignified compositions of that class, in the English language.

\* Richardson was an author of uncommon merit; his knowledge of nature was extensive; his characters are drawn with a masterly hand; his delineations of the passions are accurate; his moral sentiments judicious. He

Bid Virtue weep o'er mild Clarissa's woes,  
And Virtue smile on Grandison's repose.

See Fielding\* travel thro' each scene of life;  
Nor pass the landlord or his scolding wife!  
Present Sophia to our ardent view,  
As fair a picture as the pencil drew!

wrote with a good intention, for he was a man of virtue and of piety.

\* " Comic romance has been brought to perfection in England by Henry Fielding; who seems to have possessed more wit and humour, and more knowledge of mankind than any other person of modern times, Shakspeare excepted; and whose great natural abilities were refined by a classical taste, which he had acquired by studying the best authors of antiquity. The great lord Lyttleton, after mentioning several particulars of Pope, Swift, and other wits of that time, when I asked some questions relating to the author of Tom Jones, began his answer with these words, '*Henry Fielding, I assure you, had more wit, and more humour, than all the persons we have been speaking of but together.*'"

BEATTIE'S DISSERTATION.

With these remarks of Dr. Beattie I agree. In many of the qualifications of a novelist Fielding is unrivalled. In speaking of the genius displayed in fictions, I could not pass over him; but the truth must not be withheld...that his works contain many scenes of indecency! his works, therefore, I would by no means recommend. There are few novels that I would recommend unconditionally; and I would advise, that all of them should be read sparingly.

See, 'mid his group, the country 'squire arise!  
And Square and Thwackum lift their knowing  
eyes!

170

But chiefly mark, amid the motley throng,  
Poor parson Adams bend his course along!

Roving thro' meads of everlasting bloom  
Fan'd by the breath of every sweet perfume,  
See Genlis\* comes and waves in air her hand,  
And bids the fairies bow at her command.

Lo! at her call two matchless knights appear,  
Mount the barb'd steed and couch the deathful  
spear;

Lo! at her call appears the queen of charms,  
And welcomes Valour to her gentle arms; 180  
See, at her call the bleeding spectre rise,  
Fix on the warrior-knight, her gloating eyes,

\* This celebrated French lady is remarkable for the versatility of her talents. She is justly entitled to a place in the first rank of literary females. She is sometimes a sentimental visionary and erroneous, but always ingenious. Her theatre of Education is a pleasing instructor to the early years of life. Her Tales of the Castle, her Rival Mothers, and Knights of the Swan discover sensibility, talents of description, and invention.

Rove by the glimpses of pale Luna's beam,  
And chill the midnight with her hideous scream.  
  
By Fancy crown'd, to every bosom known,  
Amid those scenes which Truth and Nature own,  
See Burney\* move, with her creative wand,  
And bind our passions with her silken band!  
Draw Evelina from her native shade,  
In artless innocence and love array'd! 190  
Bid us to follow all her devious way,  
To own and feel the impulse of her sway.

While Nature howls, and Mirth's gay whispers  
die,  
Her eye on fire.....her soul in ecstacy !  
See bolder Radcliff† take her boundless flight,  
Cloth'd in the robes of Terror and of Night !

\* This writer is justly an universal favourite. In her manner of novel writing she is unrivalled. The three novels which she has written, have each peculiar merits. *Camilla* manifests the greatest extent of observation.... *Evelina* has most simplicity....but I think that *Cecilia* manifests most genius, and excites greatest interest.

† This lady, who has been called a mighty magician, soars amid the wild regions of romance. Her imagination is strong and daring; and, though it sometimes fails in its tempt, it is generally successful. In her department of

O'er wilds, o'er mountains, her high course extends,  
 'Thro' darken'd woods, and thro' bandittis' dens!  
 At length she lights within some ruin'd tower,  
 While, from the turret, tolls the midnight hour!  
 A thousand phantoms follow at her call, 201  
 And groans ascend along the mouldering wall!  
 Dim shadows flutter o'er the sleeping vale,  
 And ghostly music comes upon the gale!  
 A light appears....some hollow voice is near....  
 Chill terror starts....and every pulse is fear!

To man not only has kind Nature given  
 Genius, which rolls her piercing eye on Heaven,  
 Enchanting woman bears an equal claim,  
 To her unfold the golden doors of Fame. 210  
 This truth, those names which we have past declare,  
 Whom Fiction wafts transported thro' the air.  
 ....Where fall'n Palmyra moulders with the ground,  
 And Terror spreads its misty robe around;

genius, in the present day, none can approach her. She leaves far behind her the *Monks* and *Castle Spectres*. It is remarkable of this writer, that, from her first performance to the last, she has been advancing to greater excellence. Her Italian is the noblest production of her pen, and one which I think she will never exceed.

The great Zenobia held her powerful sway,  
 And with stern virtue bade her realms obey.  
 Her mind unshaken all the world admire,  
 And Pity weeping sees the queen expire.  
 ....Hapless in love, in sorrow's moving strain,  
 Hear Sappho mourn her unrequited pain. 220  
 ....Cold-hearted youth, where wanders Phaon now?  
 Ah! youth neglectful of thy former vow....  
 ....Behold thy maid on bleak Leucadia's brow  
 Bend o'er the waves which beat the rock below;  
 Hear her to winds her injur'd love declare,  
 See her wild tresses streaming in the air,  
 See her rais'd hands, her blue uplifted eye,  
 A suppliant pleading with the gods on high.  
 ....Fly cruel youth....haste Phaon haste to save,  
 To snatch thy Sappho from the raging wave. 230  
 ....All aid is vain....ye rolling billows cease!  
 She seeks with you the silent arms of peace.  
 ....Hear bold Corinna\* strike her lyric string,  
 And bear young Pindar on her eagle wing.

\* It is said that Corinna was the instructor of Pindar; and often in competition with him bore away the prize.

....With "Lion port" and with a nervous hand,  
Eliza sway'd the sceptre of her land.

....Nurs'd on the bosom of luxurious France,  
The queen of Scotland led the airy dance,  
Love's softest lustre wanton'd o'er her face, 239  
Her limbs were form'd, her actions mov'd, in grace.  
Science and Taste adorn'd her festive court,  
Music and Joy and every 'wilder' sport.

Gay "laughs the morn"....the sullen night appears,  
Qft after transport comes the feast of tears;  
Joy strikes the viol....strains of rapture rise,  
The minstrel falls....the voice of music dies.  
Ah! why to pleasure should such pangs succeed,  
Why wast thou, Mary,\* doom'd so soon to bleed?

How sweet and musically flows that lay,  
Which now in murmurs softly dies away; 250

\* Who does not wish to vindicate the character of Mary, queen of Scots? What heart has not bled over her interesting history? Who does not lament her thoughtless levities, her criminal follies? Who does not execrate the stern policy, the hardened vices of Elizabeth, which doomed to the scaffold this enchanting woman, unrivalled in loveliness, accomplishments, and distresses? Who, that has read her beautiful lamentation on her unhappy fate, does not feel the fervour and pathos of her genius?

Colonna\* bending o'er her husband's bier,  
 Breathes those sad numbers hallowed with her tear:  
 With active zeal, with honest thirst of fame  
 Hear Dacier vindicate her Homer's name.  
 Hear Montague repel light Voltaire's rage,  
 Who like a butcher mangled Shakespeare's page.  
 Hear from the bosom of the pious Rowe  
 The tender strain and warm devotion flow.  
 In Woolstonecraft's strong lines behold confest  
 The fatal errors of the female breast. 260  
 Behold enforc'd in More's instructive page,  
 Lessons of virtue for this careless age.  
 Hear Seward weeping over Andre's grave ;  
 And call for Cook the spirit of the wave.  
 To Smith's romances fairy scenes belong  
 And Pity loves her elegiac song.  
 Carter both Science and Invention own  
 And Genius welcomes from her watchful throne.  
 On Barbauld's verse the circling muses smile,  
 And hail her brightest songstress of the British isle.

\* Criticism has called this lady the first poetess of Italy.

But few can sway the boundless field of art;  
To few will Genius all her gifts impart.\* 272  
One, she enables on the winds to soar,  
And higher regions of the air explore.

\* The instances are innumerable which confirm this assertion. I shall notice some, which are the most striking....Cicero, the first name on the page of antiquity, failed in his attempts at poetry.....Archimedes, whose name may stand for a large class devoted to mathematics, had little taste for any other branch of literature, than geometry. There are not a few, who would prefer the investigation of the legs and wings of the most tiny insect, to the contemplation of the brightest planet that rolls through the worlds of space! Berkeley, to the exclusion of most other employments, was forever attempting to dig in a well without a bottom....while Gray, who at his time, was pronounced to be the first scholar in Europe, had no taste either for mathematics or metaphysics; in a letter to his friend are contained the following sentences, " Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas! I cannot see in the dark; Nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it." Perhaps the three modern writers who possessed the most universal genius were Leibnitz, Milton, and Haller.

To one she gives the sovereign power to trace  
The planet, wheeling thro' the worlds of space;  
She digs with chymists in the deepest caves,  
And bounds with seamen o'er the distant waves;  
To one she gives the microscopic eye  
To scan the legs and pinions of a fly ; 280  
She leads bold Cæsar o'er the rolling flood,  
Thro' trackless forests, and thro' scenes of blood :  
Others she leads thro' Nature's widening range,  
To mark the seasons and their ceaseless change ;  
To some she gives the love and power of song,  
To move with strength and harmony along ;  
To hold the torch of Satire in their hand,  
And scatter light, thro' the deluded land ;\*

\* Literature is much indebted to the author of the Pursuits of Literature, and to Mr. Gifford, the author of the Baviad and Mæviad, for their poems and criticisms. The Pursuits of Literature is a work which discovers genius, correctness of mind and great extent of information, and is calculated to restore true taste and true learning. While its author liberally approves the works of the true philosopher and the true poet, he points his overcomimg satire against all those who would propagate false principles and false taste. Some of his opinions on subjects of religion and criticism I deem erroneous and unfounded.

While some she gives the orator's controul,  
To roll their thunder o'er the prostrate soul.\* 290

As a minister of the Gospel I cannot, however, restrain my admiration of this author for the morality of his strains, for his defence of religion against the attacks of impiety and a new and dangerous philosophy.

\* Eloquence as well as poetry has been the inexhaustible subject of investigation. Which is the most proper mode of pulpit-eloquence? is a question which has been often asked, and differently answered. The *Abbe Maury*, in his lively and entertaining treatise, has denied their due merits to the English divines; and the English divines, on the other hand, do not sufficiently infuse into their discourses the fire and passion of the French manner. Theology has been reduced to a perfect science; there are no new truths in religion to be explored; he, therefore, who, with an accurate investigation of these truths, connects a cultivated taste and exercised imagination, and subjects these powers under the guidance of reason, will be a more agreeable and persuasive combatant for divine truth than the preacher, who, though skilled in theology, has no perception of beauty and sublimity; but who delivers trite truths in trite forms. To the pulpit, the close and indissoluble reasoning of a *Locke* is not adapted; were preachers to reason like him, their hearers would return from church as edified as they came there; the mind must be aided by the silence and solitude of the closet, to comprehend the chain of such arguments.

The preacher must employ other weapons than syllogism; he must observe a medium between argument and

To some she spreads a world's unbounded view,

declamation; the passions, as well as the understanding, must be addressed. Declamation, without a due proportion of argument, would have no effect upon the understanding; and argument, without declamation, would have no force upon the passions; therefore, to address the souls of men with power, and justly to accommodate the discourse to the prevailing taste, declamation and argument should be united. A forcible illustration, a forcible appeal to the heart, and a forcible question, will oftentimes convince, when many pages of the most masterly reasoning would fail. In proof of this, I appeal to the figurative expressions of our Saviour, and to some of the discourses of St. Paul....I appeal to some of the most eminent divines in the Christian church....I appeal, particularly, to Massillon, one of the most eloquent of men; read his discourses; you find Genius breathing in almost every sentence. You discover in his works, reason which, while it convinces the understanding, at the same time impresses the heart. What did he say when he drew the whole audience, by an instantaneous impulse, upon their feet? Did he prove, by mathematical deductions that small were the number which should be saved? No....he told them the plain truth from the scriptures; and presented that truth in the most striking colours. Notwithstanding the eulogy I have passed upon Massillon and his unrivalled excellence in his addresses to the heart, I am far from thinking him a perfect model for the preacher. He indulges, perhaps, too much in declamation. To arouse, to terrify, to melt into tears, appears generally to be more his aim than to in-

And gives the pencil with which Raphael\* drew.

struct. In making this remark I except several of his discourses, particularly his wonderful discourse on the divinity of our Saviour. He, in my conception, would be a finished model of pulpit eloquence, who united the erudition and sublimity of Barrow, the warmth and pathos of Massillon, the acuteness and ingenuity of Sherlock, the condensity of Ogden, with Witherspoon's method of discussing theological doctrines.

\* At Greece, painting was first brought to perfection. The most famous schools in Greece were opened at Athens, Corinth and Rhodes. Rome afterwards cultivated this art ; but, at the overthrow of that empire, it was swallowed up in the same grave with literature and science. In the year 1450, it again revived in Italy, and was advanced to an eminence, perhaps equal to that which it held in either Greece or Rome. Raphael Santio was born in the year 1483. He died in his thirty-eighth year. He surpassed all modern painters. His invention was unbounded. He possessed all the graces ; and in the disposition of his pieces, he has left Michael Angelo, Titian and Corregio far behind him. Du Fresnoy, in his Art of Painting, and in his observations connected with that poem, considers him as the prince of modern painters, and characterizes him in these lines :

Hos apud invenit Raphael miraculo summo

Ducta modo, Veneresque habuit quas nemo deinceps.

Du Fresnoy.

See Raphael there his forms celestial trace,

Unrivall'd sovereign of the realms of grace. Mason

Nerv'd by her power, the statuary's arts,\*  
 To the rough marble every grace imparts;  
 Rous'd by her fire the voice of music flows,  
 And lifts to joy, or melts with tenderest woes.†

\* Sculpture is acknowledged to be one of the most difficult of the fine arts. It is remarkable that it was the favourite art of Greece, and that her sculptors were more numerous than her painters. To this national enthusiasm the Grecian statues are principally indebted for their exquisite perfection....Dædalus is supposed to have been the first who formed a statue; Phidias, Praxitiles, Polycletus and Lysippus, his most successful Grecian followers. Sculpture we are informed by history emigrated from the desolated cities of Greece into Syria and Egypt. She was there employed to serve the pomp and pageantry of courts, and Alexandria under Ptolemy Philadelphus became, in the cultivation of this art, almost what Athens had been. Rome imitated but never equalled Greece in sculpture. The most celebrated statues which have been rescued from the ruins of time, are the Apollo Belvidere....the Medicean Venus....the Hercules....the dying Gladiator and the Laocoön....“ Of all the productions of art (says a recent writer on sculpture and painting) the statue of Apollo is unquestionably the most sublime. It rises indeed as a single figure to the highest pitch of excellence; But I confess the group of the Laocoön, appears to me a superior effort of sculpture.”

† See in Burney's history of music, the wonderful effects of this art upon the mind. And an account of its greatest masters.

In lasting strength she bids the structure rise,  
And heave its columns to the threatened skies,  
She bids its towering height in air repose  
In proud defiance when the tempest blows.\* 300

\* Not only in the sister arts, Poetry, Painting, Statuary and Music, but in Architecture is the force of Genius discovered. You behold the image of a creative mind in the proportions of a noble edifice. The uniformity and unparalleled simplicity of the Rotunda, the strength and majesty of St. Peter's dome, are not the result of mere mechanical skill, but of a bold and aspiring imagination. The vaulted roof, and the lofty column which seem to rest upon the horizon, and to repose in air, speak the elevation of the constructor's mind. The civilization and refinement of nations are strongly marked by the plan and order of their buildings. The elegance, uniformity and strength of the Grecian temple, form a fine contrast with the gloom and heaviness of the Gothic castle.....From the houses and pagodas of the Chinese, the wigwam of the Indian, and the hut of the Hottentot, we may almost be taught the characters of their inhabitants.



# THE POWERS OF GENIUS.

## PART III.

## **ARGUMENT.**

*The execution of Genius....Ferdusi....Bacon....Newton....Excitements of Genius....Great political causes....Emulation....The passion of Love, an exciting cause of Genius....The pleasures of Genius....The pains of Genius....The rise of Genius in Egypt....Greece....Rome....Gothic darkness....The revival of Literature in Florence....Its cultivation in England....The descent of Genius....Her address to America.*

THE  
*POWERS OF GENIUS.*

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**OBSERVE** the man in whom these powers  
combine,

Rous'd and excited by some great design;  
Where'er he darts his intellectual ray,  
Obstructions vanish, mountains melt away;  
The prospect clears, and in the darkest night,  
The torch of Genius sheds its searching light.

Her voice of thunder like Prospero's rod,  
Bids fairy people tremble at her nod,  
She bids them leave the silent depths of sleep,  
And with their pinions overshade the deep; 10  
Her forces follow at her magic call,  
She guides their footsteps, gives her rules to all.

What she designs her nervous arm performs;  
 She builds her fabric in the war of storms:  
 The floods descend....it braves the mighty shock;  
 It stands supported on the stedfast rock;  
 Wide to the wind its massy doors unclose,  
 And hail the stranger to its safe repose:  
 Thus stands the oak upon the mountain's brow,  
 And throws its shelter on the shrubs below; 20  
 Thus with his wing the eagle guards his nest,  
 And rock'd in tempests soothes his young to rest.

What bard is that, whose beard all hoary white,  
 Waves to the breeze which fans the brow of night?  
 What bard is that, who from his soul of fire,  
 Rolls the loud thunder of his epic lyre?  
 Son of the East! what bard is that declare  
 Whose eye rolls wildly in the gloom of care?  
 ....Ferdusi\* hail! and hail thy wond'rous strain  
 Which tells the history of thy native plain. 30

\* Sir William Jones in his treatise on oriental poetry, affixed to his life of Nadir Shah, mentions this poet and his wonderful work. It is entitled "Shah Nameh," it is a series of epic poems, a poetical record of the annals of Persia, and is said to contain sixty thousand couplets. Mahmud Gazni, sultan of Zablestan imposed this task upon Ferdusi,

Hail to thy spirit, which thro' lengthening time  
Preserv'd its vigour, and its song sublime,

and after he had underwent the toil of thirty years to complete his work, the miserly emperor excited his indignation by his scant and pitiful reward....In disdain the injured bard retired from his court, and sought the protection of the generous caliph of Bagdat. The merits of this poem of Ferdusi are said to be very great. In testimony I subjoin the words of Sir William Jones who has read it, and from whose decision few would wish to appeal....“ As to the great epic poem of Ferdusi, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise, to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called “ SHAH-NAMA,” and contains the history of Persia, from the earliest times to the invasion of the Arabs, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an heroic poem, of one great and interesting action, namely, the delivery of Persia by Cyrus, from the oppressions of Afrasiaz, king of the Transoxan Tartary, who being assisted by the emperors of India and China, together with all the demons, giants and enchanters of Asia, had carried his conquests very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the Persians. This poem is longer than the Iliad; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated, and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profusion of learning has been thrown away by some critics, in comparing Homer with the heroic poets who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see

Which rous'd and animated with its breath  
Scenes which lay buried in the caves of death ;  
Which form'd, and finished its stupendous plan,  
Fame says the greatest ever form'd by man.

Great Bacon's\* soul first led the daring way ;  
Then Newton's system call'd the world to day ;

that no succeeding poet, whatever, can with propriety be compared with Homer. That great father of the Grecian poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of Nature escape his observation; and the poets who have followed him have done little more, than transcribe his images and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinement therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of Homer have ever continued without a rival: For which reason I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of Persia, is equal to that of Greece, but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men. Both drew their images from Nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting in the manner of the modern poets, the likeness of a likeness; and both possessed in an eminent degree, that rich and creative invention which is the very soul of poetry."

\* It is well known in the literary world, that the discoveries of Newton, excepting those which belong to pure mathematics, were derived from those outlines drawn by the bold hand of Bacon. Newton has exhibited a perfect

Hurl'd from his throne, the ruthless king of night,  
 Pierc'd his retreat and put his hosts to flight: 40  
 The world of matter and the boundless sky,  
 All Nature open'd to the sage's eye.

The soul oft needs excitements to impel  
 And rouse the Genius slumbering in her cell.  
 When mighty causes agitate the world  
 When states and kingdoms are on ruin hurl'd,  
 When Nature calls her elements to war,  
 And yokes destruction to her iron car;  
 Rous'd Genius stands spectator of the sight,  
 Arms all her powers and spreads her wings for  
 flight....

50

O hear that voice\* from Athens' falling walls  
 Which pleads, denounces, on his country calls,

and accurate system, but he had the example and directions of Bacon. "It would nevertheless (says Dr. Gerard) be a question of very difficult solution, which of the two possessed the greatest genius; Newton's inquiries concerning bodies the most subtle or the most remote, seem to demand an acuteness and compass of invention, which we might pronounce adequate to all the investigations of Bacon, though his discoveries in mathematics, perfectly original, were not extant to give a sanction to the judgment."

\* Demosthenes.

— H 2

“ Lo! Philip comes....lo! Philip’s hosts draw near!  
 “ To arms Athenians....grasp the faithful spear....  
 “ Who from the field of death would basely fly?  
 “ Who would live slaves while they might bravely  
 “ die?”

O hear that voice\* by thirsty treason fir’d,  
 By every patriotic thought inspir’d,  
 Which shook the soul of coward Guilt with dread,  
 Dispell’d the danger, struck the traitor dead. 60  
 O hear that voice which for my native shore,  
 Breath’d its bold accents and was heard no more.†  
 ....Genius is rous’d to labour and excel  
 By those whom ages say have written well.  
 She hears the trump from every distant clime  
 Which sounds its honours till the death of Time,

\* Cicero.

† The Earl of Chatham last appeared in the House of Lords, the 2d of April, 1778. He was then ill and debilitated. He spoke in favour of a motion of the Duke of Richmond, for an address to his majesty, to dismiss his ministers and make peace with America. At the close of his long speech he was overcome and was seized with a convulsive fit....of the effects of which he died on the 4th of April.

She marks the eagle whose undazzled eye  
 Drinks the full splendour of the kindled sky.  
 When emulation calls the soul obeys,         69  
 Wakes all her powers and pours her fervent lays,  
 Shakes from her hold the drowsy sloth of years,  
 And all her zeal, and all her strength uprears....

Love often wakes the poet's soul of fire,  
 And bids bold youth to noble deeds aspire:  
 Others it leads with folded arms to rove,  
 Where Silence slumbers in the peaceful grove.  
 It bids the song in smoothest numbers flow  
 To lull dejection by its voice of woe.  
 Young Cymon\* rous'd by Iphigenia's charm,  
 Felt the strong thunder nerve his clownish arm;  
 By daring deeds he won the lovely maid,         81  
 And bore her blushing to his native shade.

Where rolls the Forth his wild romantic flood,  
 Amid the moor an humble dwelling stood;  
 There liv'd an honest pair whose only joy,  
 Dwelt in their child, a simple shepherd boy;  
 With Fancy, kindled by the breath of Fame,  
 They gave their son Orlando's sounding name.

\* See Dryden's admirable tale of Cymon and Iphigenia

A modest blush, an honest heart he had,  
 And every village neighbour bless'd the lad. 96  
 Serenely o'er his head had eighteen years  
 Flown, unembitter'd by remorseful tears.  
 He lov'd his pipe, and when the vale was still,  
 His strain came sweeten'd from the shady hill;  
 Nature he lov'd in all her various forms,  
 Her sleeping green, her mountain beat by storms,  
 Her winding stream, her ever rolling waves,  
 Her cooling shades, her deep and dismal caves.

Thus smil'd his days....“ but why the tale pro-  
 long?”

He saw fair Anna....Anna 'woke his song; 100  
 Her lovely limbs a snowy vestment bound,  
 A silken cincture clasp'd her form around;  
 Hung careless on her back her dusky hair,  
 And wav'd in ringlets to the sportive air.  
 Her smile awaken'd every hope of love,  
 Her modest mildness would that hope reprove:  
 A pensive sorrow shaded o'er her face,  
 Admiring Nature gave her every grace.  
 Orlando lov'd....but all his vows were vain,  
 And all the sweetness of his mournful strain. 110

An happier shepherd from the banks of Tay,  
Bow'd to her charms and bore the maid away.

Orlando mourns....his sun has set in night,  
And fled each hope and every fond delight.

A sullen phrenzy dims his noble soul,  
In gloomy silence his dark eye-balls roll;  
At dead of night He wanders o'er the vale,  
And bares his bosom to the chilling gale;  
Among the rocks he leans, to hear the roar  
Of billows chafing on the sounding shore. 120  
Each sound which strikes the village boor with fear;  
Is all the strain Orlando loves to hear.

One night when howl'd the loud and angry north,  
Alone he wander'd on the banks of Forth;  
Autumn had robb'd the foliage of the trees,  
Their naked branches trembled to the breeze;  
The birds no longer rais'd their lulling strains,  
But coming winter chill'd and hush'd the plains.

Heedless he rov'd while deeper clouds o'erspread,  
And wilder tempests beat upon his head: 130  
His phrenzy grew amid the ruthless storm;  
His Fancy saw his long-lost Anna's form:

Onward he rush'd....he held the form in view,  
He call'd on Anna....Anna from him flew,  
Often he clasp'd in hope the fleeting maid,  
But only clasp'd an unsubstantial shade.

Now up the hill, he turns his headlong course,  
And laughs convulsive at the tempest's force;  
He gains the height and from the giddy brow,  
Beholds the wave roll sullenly below; 140  
No Anna there, rewards his eager sight,  
But darker terrors fill the starless night;  
His dying hopes are follow'd by despair,  
He calls on Death and breathes his frantic prayer,  
He murmurs Anna's name, and from the steep,  
Leaps in the bosom of the whelming deep!

What vast delights flow on that glowing breast,  
By Virtue strengthen'd and by Genius blest!  
Whate'er in Nature beautiful or grand,  
In air, or ocean, or the teeming land, 150  
Meets its full view, excites a joy unknown,  
To those whom Genius dashes from her throne.  
Genius finds speech in trees; the running brook,  
To her speaks language, like a favourite book;





She dresses Nature in her brightest form,  
 She hears with rapture the descending storm,  
 She lists the chiming of the falling stream,  
 Which lulls to sleep and wakes the airy dream;  
 Enwrapt with solitude she loves to tread      159  
 O'er rugged hills, or where the green-woods spread;  
 To hear the songsters of the lonely grove,  
 Breathe their sweet strains of gladness and of love:  
 She loves the darkness of an aged wood,  
 The ceaseless uproar of the restive flood,  
 The sullen grandeur of the mountain's brow  
 Which throws a shadow on the vales below.  
 She loves to wander when the moon's soft ray,  
 Treads on the footsteps of departing day,  
 When heavy sadness hangs upon the gale,  
 And twilight deepens o'er the dusky vale,.... 170  
 By haunted waters, or some ruin'd tower,  
 Which stands the shock of Time's destroying power,  
 Where the dim owl directs his dusky flight,  
 And pours his sorrows on the ear of Night.  
 The song of bards and Wisdom's ancient page,  
 Which brave the blasts of each succeeding age;

With fond delight she studies and admires,  
 And glows and kindles at their sacred fires,  
 She treads on air, she rises on the wind, 179  
 And with them leaves the lagging world behind.  
 When solitude o'erhangs the tardy hour,  
 She finds within herself a social power.  
 There hovering forms meet her enchanted sight,  
 And dreams attend the slumbers of the night;  
 The lonely heath to her is fairy ground,  
 She bids Armida's garden smile around;  
 Her vast designs in solitude she forms,  
 She hears a spirit\* in the desert-storms.  
 ....If thus her joys above the world's dim eye  
 Roll like the planet in the trackless sky, 190  
 If her's are joys which dull souls never know  
 She bleeds the subject of severer woe.  
 On life's sad journey she is doom'd to bear  
 The sweetest pleasure and the keenest care.

\* The Greeks considered a grove as the sacred retreat of meditation, and early superstition supposed that a deity dwelt amid the shades of solitude.

She feels each wound, and every nerve and vein  
 Thrills to the pressure of neglect and pain.  
 High are her thoughts, her hopes and her desires,  
 Higher than thrones her bounding soul aspires,  
 She looks for gifts she never can obtain,  
 And grieves to find her fondest visions vain. 200  
 She looks on sorrow with a melting eye,  
 And breathes for man the sympathising sigh.  
 Unfeeling world why sufferest thou, to roam  
 Without protection and without an home,  
 In cheerless shades, unpitied and alone,  
 Genius....entitled to thy golden throne?  
 Whence flow that lore and intellectual light  
 Which cheer thy regions and infuse delight?  
 Whence, but from yon lone fugitive who roves,  
 And tells her sorrows to the sadful groves, 210  
 Whence, but from Genius whose inspiring lays,  
 Too oft thy malice and thy scorn repays?  
 ....As late I roam'd the Hudson's banks along,  
 What time the night-bird pour'd his gloomy song:  
 What time the moon threw her ascending beam  
 O'er Night's dark bosom and the wizard stream;

I heard this strain....(it now no longer flows  
Peace to the ashes of a man of woes !)  
Here on this beaten rock, O let me rest!  
Breathe thou damp gale upon my throbbing breast!  
Roll on bold River, let me hear thee rave, 221  
I love the music of thy silver wave.  
Long years have flown since I, a careless boy,  
Plung'd in thy waters with a boisterous joy.  
Now worn with care, to every joy unknown,  
I seek thy shades unpitied and alone.  
In early youth my steps were led astray  
From Gain's proud temple by the Muse's lay;  
From crowded streets and busy throngs I fled  
Where woodland-scenes and quiet vallies spread.  
Fair Nature's haunts unwearied I explored, 231  
Where sang the stream, where falling waters roar'd.  
A fond enthusiast on the mountain's brow,  
I heard the echo babble from below.  
I lov'd the dingle and the tangled dell,  
And crept with silence to her hermit-cell.  
Nature I lov'd when cloth'd in mildest charms,  
She lur'd sweet Quiet to her fondling arms.

I lov'd her more when with her clouds o'ercast,  
 She hove the ocean with her yelling blast, 240  
 When thunders roll'd from her Creator's hand,  
 Burst from the skies and shook the wondering land....

I heard entranc'd the Grecian's epic-strain,  
 Enraptur'd listen'd to the Mantuan swain ;  
 Rov'd thro' the mazes of poetic lore,  
 And sigh'd to think the muse had told no more.

Ye bards of old, why did my infant days  
 Become enchanted with your golden lays ?  
 Why did I listen to the trump of Fame  
 Which sounded glory on the poet's name ? 250

Why did I flee the bloody fields of war,  
 Nor meet contention at my country's bar ?  
 Behold the trophies which I now have won,  
 My works neglected and myself undone.

In place of fame....yon little cottage-shed  
 Spreads its low shelter on my humbler head,  
 There buried deep from every human eye,  
 Unknown, unpitied, ever let me lie.

May no one come to shed the thrilling tear,  
 And say Eugenio liv'd and perish'd here. 260

Farewel cold world, farewel thou pallid beam,  
 Farewel to Hope and every flattering dream.  
 Soon shall Eugenio's solitary grave  
 Give peace and comfort which ye never gave.  
 ....Grant me, O God! my shelter and my stay,  
 Peace which the world can never take away....  
 Forgive my errors, all my sins forgive  
 And in thy mansions, Father, let me live.

Once\* hardy Genius lov'd Egyptian plains,  
 And breath'd her spirit on their shepherd swains,  
 She form'd them firmly in one social band, 271  
 And spread her influence o'er the happy land;

\* I had formed the design of shewing the connection of Genius with the social principles, and of tracing the rise, the cultivation and progress of Genius in different countries, particularly in Egypt, Greece, Rome, England and America; but not wishing to extend my poem beyond its present length, I have confined myself to this hasty and superficial sketch. History has recorded five ages in which human Genius has arrived at perfection not equalled in other times. The first was the age of Philip and Alexander.....The second was that of Ptolemy Philadelphus.....The third was that of Augustus....The fourth was that of Julius II, and Leo X....The fifth was that of Louis XIV.

The arts uprose....The Muse in infant pride,  
Bade the rich Nile triumphant dash his tide.

The partial muses, then confin'd their song,  
Where fam'd Ilyssus pours his stream along.  
But now forsaken is their favour'd shore,  
Achaia's muse and glory are no more;  
Her once fair scenes lie wrapt in dreary gloom,  
And Taste sits weeping o'er her darling tomb.\* 280

\* Greece, once the favoured region of literature and science: Rome once the haughty mistress of the world, have long been sunk under the weight of luxury and corruption, and have long afforded exhibitions of national decay, which hastily succeeds the meridian of splendour. A feeble and effeminate race now own those hills and plains, once occupied by the most powerful people of the earth. Philosophy has now forsaken their academic shades. Tibur and Ilyssus no longer hear the strains of a Maro, a Flaccus, a Pindar, or a Menander. The head of gold has fallen a prey to time. His cankering tooth has devoured the arms and the trunk; and the iron dust has been blown before the winds of the north.

How dignified is the task of the historian. He bids the laws, the transactions, the revolutions of a people, which are no more, live forever. He bids the hero and the sage, the orator and the poet, though dead, yet speak, and animates by their example. He discovers to nations and to individuals, the rocks of destruction, and points out the paths of safety and success.

No more are heard her bold poetic strains;  
No Sappho warbling in Ionian plains;

What a gloomy subject of contemplation is the fall of empires! What a sublime, but melancholy pleasure must it be to the traveller to visit the tombs of nations....to sit beneath the mouldering columns of an ancient city....to look back upon the long waste of time....to call to view those characters who once trod upon that ground which is now covered with ruins....to dart forward a searching eye into futurity, and see that thus will terminate all human glory! "After leaving Florence," says Gibbon, in his memoirs of his life and writings, "I compared the solitude of Pisa with the industry of Lucca and Leghorn, and continued my journey through Siena to Rome, where I arrived in the beginning of October. My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the *eternal city*. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a minute investigation. It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

No more are heard the precepts of her sage ;  
Nor treads Euripides his moral stage ;  
Her orators, her heroes, all are fled !  
Nor hurl their vengeance on a Philip's head.  
The moon, the empress of the gloomy night,  
Looks down with terror on the tragic sight ;  
While mournful wandering her eccentric way  
She lights the ruins with her trembling ray, 290  
The bird of night espies her grateful beam,  
And from some crevice flings his hollow scream.

Imperial Rome, then claim'd the Muses' sway,  
Who bade her Virgil rival Homer's lay ;  
Who bade her Tully, by his finish'd art,  
More than Demosthenes controul the heart ;  
Who bade her Horace sweep his polish'd lyre,  
And youthful Lucan burn with raging fire ;  
Who bade her Livy mark the passing age,  
And Sallust form his fascinating page. 300

When Rome had fall'n, then Gothic darkness  
spread,  
And Genius slumber'd with her mighty dead,  
Then mad Oppression rais'd his scourge on high,  
And Superstition flash'd her ghastly eye ;

Then Ignorance crept, and hugg'd his iron cha'ns.....  
 Fell Fury stalk'd, blood bursting from his veins....  
 Then the proud chieftain of each petty clan,  
 In dread subjection held his fellow man....  
 And the poor vassal, with a servile awe,  
 Submissive bow'd to his tyrannic law;                   310.  
 With suppliant knee kiss'd his vindictive rod,  
 Sunk his high nature, and dishonour'd God.\*

At length from Florence breaks a joyous ray,  
 Which changes darkness to the light of day.  
 The great Lorenzot, in one common store,  
 Collects the mouldering rolls of ancient lore,

\* See Robertson's account of the feudal system in his first volume of his history of Charles V.....and see Gibbon's decline and fall of the Roman empire.

† See the elegant and entertaining history of Lorenzo De Medicis, by Roscoe :

That work, which no one can read without delight, presents to our view the dawn of literature after the long Gothic night. It disperses the clouds from a period the most important and interesting. It unfolds, in its hero Lorenzo, a magnificence which was princely, and a patronage of learning which we cannot estimate too much.

To him the whole literary world is indebted. He collected around him, and cherished, and rewarded the geniuses of day, and by their exertions snatched from the cells of

With princely hand bestows the glittering prize,  
 And bids Philosophy, once more, arise!  
 Awakes the powers of harmony and love,  
 And leads the Muses to his peaceful grove.. 320  
 Those worlds which move thro' Nature's boundless  
 space,

With optic tube see Gallileo trace,  
 To science give a new and better rule,  
 And brand with falsehood Aristotle's school\*....

the monks, and from the ruins of monasteries, where they had long lain mouldering, the precious works of antiquity. It is remarkable that the design of writing the history of Florence under the house of Medicis was formed by Gibbon; but that design he relinquished to trace the decline and fall of the Roman empire.

[See Gibbon's *miscellaneous works*, vol. i. p. 109.

\* To Gallileo the sciences are principally indebted for their illumination and progress. He was the natural son of a Florentine nobleman. The system of Copernicus which so well explains all the phenomena by the motion of the earth round the sun, deserved to have him as a defender. About the end of the 16th century, an accidental discovery was made, of the effects of a concave and a convex glass, adjusted at the ends of a tube; but Gallileo did not hear of this until 1609, when he immediately perceived the advantages that might result from such an instrument, if brought to perfection. He meditated, he made repeat-

See then, where England's whiten'd cliffs ascend,  
 The Arts, with Genius in their course, descend !  
 There close their wings.....there make their last-  
 ing home,  
 And bid their London vie with ancient Rome.

What airy visions rise !

What music floats around !

330.

What rapture bursts upon mine eyes !

What trembling heaves the ground !

The Genius of our seat

Descends, on wings of air ;

Soft zephyrs kiss her twinkling feet,

And wave her golden hair

trials, and soon constructed a telescope which shewed objects three times larger than they were in nature. By still improving his discovery, he at last procured one that magnified three and thirty times. In a word he discovered the mountains of the Moon, the satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, the spots and rotation of the Sun. But enlightening mankind was exposing himself to dreadful misfortunes. The persecutions which he met with in Italy, were as cruel as they are memorable....He was sentenced to imprison-

She casts her view around  
 Her scientific throng ;  
 She bids the voice of Music sound,  
 And Echo waft the song.

340

Sons of Columbus ! on whose distant land,  
 Peace pours her blessings from her bounteous hand ;  
 Whose sail of Commerce, spreads where Ocean  
 roars,  
 And brings the tribute of a thousand shores.  
 O hear my voice ! ....my warning words attend !  
 The sceptre own of an immortal friend !  
 O ! what is Virtue cherish and pursue,  
 Nor lose this darling object from your view ;  
 Your love, your soul, your whole affections, give  
 To him who died that rebel man might live ; 350  
 O ! banish hence that dark and civil rage,  
 The scourge and curse of this degenerate age ;  
 Let every breast with social virtue move,  
 Let every bosom own a brother's love.

ment, and constrained solemnly to renounce his discoveries as absurdities and heresies....He died blind, in 1642, at the age of seventy-eight.

ABBE MILLOT.

Crown'd by your hand, let Learning flourish here;  
And, cloth'd in fogs, bid Dullness disappear;  
Cherish the arts of usefulness and peace:  
*O! let your own Columbia rival Greece.*

Thus Genius spoke....express'd a parent's prayer;  
Rose on the clouds, and melted into air. 360

## NOTE.

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I HAVE hitherto forbore to speak of American literature. I reserved a few thoughts on this subject, for a closing note. I shall not attempt to conceal the enthusiasm which I feel for meritorious performances of native Americans; nor can I repress my indignation at the unjust manner in which they are treated by the reviews of England. America, notwithstanding their aspersions, has attained an eminence in literature, which is, at least, respectable. Like Hercules in his cradle, she has manifested a gigantic grasp, and discovered that she will be great. The wisdom, penetration, and eloquence of her statesmen are undoubted....they are known and acknowledged throughout Europe. The gentlemen of the law, who fill her benches of justice, and who are heard

at the bar, are eminently distinguished by the powers of reason, and by plausibility of address. In mathematics, in the different branches of natural philosophy, in ethics, and in geographical researches, she has produced several who have excelled. Many of her divines have obtained large stores of the most useful information, have zealously combated with the weapons of persuasion, and have been successful servants in the cause of their master. The colleges, in all the states, have generally chosen their presidents from the body of the clergy.

Our historians have not been numerous. Some, however, who have unrolled our records of truth claim a considerable portion of praise; although they cannot vie with a Robertson, a Hume, a Stuart, a Rollin, a Vertot, or a Millot. The prospect before us is now brightening. Histories have been promised from pens which have raised our expectations. The death of our great Washington has left a subject for the American historian, which has never been surpassed in dignity. He, if possessed of historical talents, may consider himself,

in a literary point of view, as the most fortunate of men, with whom judge Washington has deposited the papers of his unequalled kinsman. From the poems and fictions of the Columbian Muse, several works might be selected, which deserve high and distinguishing praise. The poetry of our country has not yet, I hope, assumed its most elevated and elegant form.

Beneath our skies, Fancy neither sickens, nor dies. The fire of poetry is kindled by our storms. Amid our plains, on the banks of our waters, and on our mountains, dwells the spirit of inventive enthusiasm. These regions were not formed, only to echo to the voice of Europe; but from them shall yet sound a lyre which shall be the admiration of the world.

From the exhibitions of American talents, I indulge the warmest expectations. I behold, in imagination, the Newtons, the Miltons, and the Robertsons, of this new world; and I behold the sun of Genius pouring on our land his meridian beams.

In order to concentrate the force of her literature, the Genius of America points to a national university, so warmly recommended, and remembered in his will, by our deceased friend and father.... such an establishment, far more than a pyramid that reached the clouds, would honour the name of Washington.

## APPENDIX,

*CONTAINING ILLUSTRATIONS OF*

## GENIUS.

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AT the commencement of the preceding poem, it is asserted that Genius cannot easily be defined; that it can be best discovered by its effects: as a view of the beams of the sun, and of the headlong course of a torrent, will give us a fuller conception of them, than the most accurate description. I had designed, in a note, to have given some illustrations of Genius from authors. But as this design would be too extensive for the limits of a note, I have here attached these illustrations to the poem in an Appendix. If I am not deceived they will answer two purposes—They will, in some measure, discover whether my de-

sion on the authors mentioned in the poem be just, and they will discover Genius in a manner which cannot be defined. On the passages which are produced I shall venture only a few remarks, and leave them to the discernment of the reader. The first instances I shall offer, are taken from the sublimest of all writings, the sacred scriptures. Among the inspired penmen, Isaiah, and the author of the book of Job, hold the first—and David and some of the lesser prophets, the secondary rank on the scale of sublimity. It is to be observed, that the earliest manner of writing was very figurative. It held representations to the view significant and striking. As society advances in refinement, this mode of expression gives way to more polished terms, but less bold and energetic. Hence the fervour of poetry decreases, as refinement and learning increase—Nature loses her simplicity and assumes the vestment of Art. Oftentimes, amidst comparative darkness and ignorance, the sublimest strains of poetry are heard, which a more polished age would imitate in vain. The voice of hardy Genius is not the

stream which bubbles, but it is the torrent that roars. It is not the whisper of the breeze, but it is the loud swell of the storm. It falls not like the rod of down, but like the mace of the warrior. Plainness of language should always be the companion of truth ; but this plainness is perfectly consistent with every characteristic of taste, and with figurative expression.—Indeed one pertinent and figurative allusion will oftentimes convey more instruction, and will more powerfully impress the mind, than pages of reasoning. The wide scene of Nature, should not be spread before us in vain :.... but thence we should draw applicable and judicious illustrations. These remarks will, in some degree, apply to the Hebrew poetry. There is something in those writings, to the observation of true taste, unspeakably simple, tender and sublime. Their figures are innumerable, bold and energetic. They drew them from two sources—the object of Nature, and the practice of common life.\* The former is the grandest, the latter, perhaps, was most universally intelligible.

\* See Lowth's admirable *Prelections on Hebrew poetry*.

In the sacred scriptures we meet examples of every excellence and style of writing. All the boldest attempts of human Genius are eclipsed by comparison with them. From the loud and thrilling harp of Isaiah, of David, of Jeremiah, and of Job have proceeded strains which the most polished age of Greece, or of Rome would have imitated in vain. In the scriptures there appears no bombastic glare, no artificial colourings. Plain, easy and concise, they ascend from the lowest note of simplicity to the loudest thunder of sublimity. We see in them no load of epithets, but language moving along free from incumbrances in its native strength..... Horace has said that three essential qualities must combine in the composition of a genuine Poet.

1. *Ingenium, or Invention.*
2. *Mens divinior or a Mind of diviner constitution.*
3. *Os magna Sonaturum, or a vigour and magnificence of expression.*

Longinus has proposed five sources of sublimity in composition.

1. Το περιεπονητικόν αδρεπτότερον, or boldness of conception and adventurous imagination.

2. Το εφοδεον καὶ ενθυσιαστικόν...or an Enthusiastic sensibility.

3. Η ποικιλία Τον σχημάτων πλαστική, or a certain conformation of figures.

4. Η γενικὴ Φρεστις, or a generous character of diction.

5. Η εὐεξιμελεῖ καὶ διαφορική συνθεσις, or a dignified and elevated composition.

The following extracts which are offered as illustrations of Genius, will I think be found to flow from each of these sources, and I think it will be acknowledged that their writers possessed those qualities mentioned by Horace.

ISAIAH, xiv. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. 23.  
 “Thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, how hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted and none hindereth. The whole earth

is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, since thou art laid down, no feller hath come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worms is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations.....23. I will also make Babylon a possession for the bittern and pools of water....and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of Hosts."

This passage is remarkable for sublimity. The doom of the subject of the prophecy, the king of Babylon, is described in every circumstance of

grandeur and terror. There never was a stronger and more awful personification than that which is contained in the ninth verse. *Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming, &c.* And the whole passage bears a correspondent elevation. In the 23d. verse the desolate waste is brought before our view....swept by the besom of destruction....polluted with pools, where “ the hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.” Dr. Young had the spirit of this verse in view, when speaking of the end of the world, he says ; “ Ruin fiercely drives her ploughshare over creation.”

Job, xxxix, 27, 28, 29, 30. Doth the Eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high. She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey; and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood: and where the slain are, there is she.

No description could be more concise, more characteristic and striking. The whole of the wonderful chapter from which it is extracted, besides

its poetical excellence, contains accurate instructions in natural history.

Job, xxviii. 20, 22, 23. Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding? 22. Destruction and Death say, we have heard the fame thereof with our ears. 23. God understandeth the way thereof, for he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven." ....The greatness of the expression in the 22nd verse will escape no accurate observer.

Job, iv. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. " Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof, in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men. Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: An image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?" ....Perhaps an instance of more simple, concise, and forcible description than this rela-

tion of Eliphaz of his terrible vision, is not to be found.

**PSALM, LXVIII.** 7, 8, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35. “ O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness; the earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel....Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God. Sing unto God ye kingdoms of the Earth; O sing praises unto the Lord: To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens which were of old; lo he doth send out his voice and that a mighty voice. Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds. O God thou art terrible out of thy holy places: The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.”

The Psalmist, after meditating upon the power and goodness of God, breaks forth into this apostrophe, *O God when thou wentest forth, &c.* The preceding solemnity and grandeur of his description

are here carried into a warmer elevation. Unable to restrain the fervour of inspiration he rises above the world and speaks unto God himself. After considering the majesty of his creator, this inspired writer with an abrupt brevity declares the irresistible success of his word. The image is grand of a whole nation stretching out her arms unto God: and who does not bow with adoration before that infinite being who rideth upon the heavens of heavens? Who does not hear his voice, his mighty voice? Who does not ascribe strength unto him whose excellency is over Israel and whose strength is in the clouds? There is no instance of any writers except the sacred penmen who have risen to the dignity of the divine attributes. The fabled Jupiter of Heathens at whose nod Olympus shook to its centre, is but a feeble being in comparison with that God who is described by the Prophets.....What an infamous assemblage are Homer's deities! How poor were the conceptions of the wisest ancient philosophers of the source of all being! Compared with the scriptures their language is the babling of children.

Even Milton sometimes sinks beneath the greatness of his attempts. Had he not built upon the foundation of the scriptures, his mighty fabric would have crumbled to the dust....From the sacred volume he derived his light; this was the treasure which enriched his wonderful imagination and rendered him only inferior to the voice of inspiration.

**Exodus, xv. 9, 10.** “ The enemy said I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my lust shall be satisfied upon them: I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: the sank as lead in the mighty waters.”

The song of Moses is not inferior in sublimity to any portion of the sacred scriptures. The two preceding verses, which I have extracted from it, are a perfect example of condensity, strength and majesty. The words *let there be light, and there was light*, celebrated by Longinus, and many critics after him, claim no superiority over them in any respect. They bring a vast representation before the mind. He who reads them must behold the

Israelites flying from the power of Egypt, the waters of the sea gathering themselves together and standing upright to let them pass. He must behold the Egyptians rising up in rage to pursue them, breathing vengeance against them. He must hear the terrible voice of God speaking in the tempest, heaving his billows upon them, and covering them beneath his mighty waters. How is it possible that the determination of the Egyptians *to pursue, &c....* how is it possible that their destruction beneath the power of God could be expressed with fewer words, with greater energy and dignity? with what rapidity does the effect follow the cause *....thou didst blow with thy winds....the sea covered them.*

Without giving room to any more quotations from scripture, let me refer the reader to the 51st chapter of Isaiah....to the 18th and 104th Psalm, to the last chapter of Habakuk, to David's elegy over Saul and Jonathan, and to the description, in Job, of the war-horse.

The finest passages in Milton are his picture of Satan....Satan's address to the sun....Adam's and

Eve's morning hymn, the description of God's call to the regions of Chaos, and his circumscription of the limits of the world. But these have been so often remarked and pointed out, that it would be unnecessary to repeat them. I shall, therefore, select some others, which, though inferior to these, will bear the prominent marks of sublimity:

“ Before their eyes, in sudden view, appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark,  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth and  
height,  
And time, and place are lost; where eldest  
Night,  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by Confusion stand.”

PAR. LOST, B. V. 890.

These lines are a specimen of the sublimity of abascurity.

In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, Abraham declares, that between heaven and hell *there is a great gulf fixed.* Observe, in the lines just quoted, how Milton has seized on this hint, and drawn a picture of that gulf, which the painter would attempt in vain. The light of Milton's soul could only lead us in such impenetrable darkness, into that illimitable ocean, without bound, without dimension; where length, breadth, and height, and time, and place are lost."

“ These then, tho' unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain; nor think tho' men were none,  
The Heaven would want spectators, God want  
praise;

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:  
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
Celestial voices, to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thought to heaven."

BOOK. IV. 674.

In these lines is represented the gloom of night enlightened by the lustre of the heavenly bodies. This picture, without any attending circumstance, is grand and solemn. The view of the skies by night, the moon moving in the brightness of her course, and all the host of heaven performing their determined round, fill the mind with awe and adoration. But how wonderfully is the sublimity of the scene heightened by the introduction of aerial beings, walking their nightly round, contemplating the heavens, and to the "midnight air, sole, or responsive each to other's note, singing their great Creator." The famous night-scene of Homer, and all the night scenes ever drawn, are inferior to this.

" But see the angry victor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit,

Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow thro' the vast and boundless deep.  
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn  
Or satiate fury yield it from the foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of Desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
Andreassembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforecement we may gain from hope;  
If not, what resolution from despair.

“ Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate  
With head uplift above the waves; and eyes

That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large  
Lay floating many a rood."

This passage is throughout sublime. The grandeur and correspondent harmony of the numbers are wonderful. No comment is necessary to point out its particular excellence. We see in it all the fallen greatness of "the Arch-angel," and the inventive rebellion of his heart.

Though *Paradise Regained* is eclipsed by the superior lustre of *Paradise Lost*; yet it contains many eminent beauties. Had it been written by any other pen than Milton's, it would perhaps have been more read, and been more celebrated. In the voice of criticism, having ranked it far beneath the other great work of its author, it is now doomed, with Homer's *Odyssey*, to a partial oblivion. It deserves not this fate; for it is still the strain of Milton, which, like Apollo's lyre, has descended from the heavens. The following passage will shew if these remarks be just. It presents a picture of our Saviour, amid the terrors of the wilder-

ness, still pursued by the temptation and malice of Satan.

Though the whole of the passage is highly admirable, yet there are two lines, marked in italics, in which centres its principal grandeur.

.....“ Darkness now rose,  
As day-light sunk, and brought in low’ring night  
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day.  
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind  
After his airy jaunt, tho’ hurry’d sore,  
Hurry and cold betook him to his rest,  
ever, under some concourse of shades  
Whose branching arms thick intertw’n’d might  
shield,  
From dews and damps of night, his shelter’d head,  
But shelter’d slept in vain; for at his head  
The tempter watch’d and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturb’d his sleep; and either tropic now  
Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven the clouds  
From many a horrid rift abortive pour’d  
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire.

In ruin reconcil'd: Nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Tho' rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks  
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer: Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient son of God, *yet only stood'st*  
*Unshaken*; nor yet staid the terror there,  
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round  
 Envir'on'd thee, some howl'd some yell'd, some  
 shriek'd.

Some bent at thee their fiery darts; while thou  
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray;  
 Who with her radiant fingers still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd  
 To tempt the son of God with terrors dire. . .

PARADISE REGAINED, B. IV.

Homer in age and sublimity in action, approaches nearer than any other poet to the inspired

writers. Early criticism has frowned upon him in vain. Time has increased the veneration bestowed upon his name. Since he sang to his harp, ages have rolled on; heard his song and admired. His faults have been called blots in the sun, which can scarcely be discovered amid the continued glory of his beams. From his Iliad it is difficult to select a passage to which preference should be given. The battle of the gods, the interview of Priam and Achilles, the night-scene, the combat of Hector and Ajax, and the apparition of Patroclus, have generally obtained the highest ~~and~~ of praise. I offer the following passage, which has been less frequently noticed than those which have been mentioned, but which is undoubtedly equal to either of them, in most characteristics of Genius. It is the description of Achilles, after his reconciliation with Agamemnon, preparing for battle.

Full in the midst, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,  
His limbs in arms divine Achilles drest;  
Arms which the Father of the fire bestowed,  
Forg'd on the eternal anvils of the God.

Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,  
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire.

The silver cuishes first his thighs enfold ;  
Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold.  
The brazen sword a various baldric ty'd  
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side ;  
And, like the moon, the broad resplendent shield,  
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the  
field.

So to night-wand'ring sailors pale with fears,  
Wide o'er the watry waste a light appears,  
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,  
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sea :  
With mournful eyes they gaze and gaze again,  
Loud howls the storm and drives them o'er the  
main.

Next his high head the helmet grac'd ; behind  
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind ;  
Like the red star that from his flaming hair,  
Shakes down diseases pestilence and war ;  
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,  
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose  
glories shed.

The chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes,  
 His arms, he poises and his motions tries :  
 Buoy'd by some inward force he seems to swim,  
 And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,  
 Pond'rous and huge ! which not a Greek could  
 rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire,  
 Old Chiron fell'd and shap'd it for his sire ;  
 A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields."

BOOK XIX. 390.

The most striking beauties of Shakspeare, have been so often noticed, and so often brought into view, that were those repeated here which have received most praise, though they might serve as illustrations, they would have no charms of novelty. I have therefore selected one passage from Henry VI. which I have never seen quoted, and which I think, in the united qualities of pathos and sublimity, Shakspeare has never surpassed.

“ Ah ! who is nigh ? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick ?  
Why ask I that ? my mangled body shews ;  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews  
That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe ;  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe’s edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle ;  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept ;  
Whose top-branch overpeer’d Jove’s spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from Winter’s powerful wind.

These eyes that now are dimm’d with Death’s  
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun  
To search the secret treasons of the world.  
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill’d with blood,  
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres ;  
For who liv’d king but I could dig his grave ?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?  
Lo ! now my glory, smear’d in dust and blood,  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Ev’n now forsake me ; and, of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me but my body’s length.”

....That the greatness of this dying speech of the earl of Warwick, may be more fully seen, it must be remembered that he was the most powerful subject that surrounded the English throne....that he was unrivalled in the annals of chivalry, and from the excess of his power, was, in those times, called, the king maker and the king destroyer. He was, as he says, the shade beneath which the lion slept, and where the people sought protection and safety. His sword defended his king, and his arm was a bulwark to the nation. Whether this speech is most sublime or most pathetic is difficult to be determined. It is, however, unquestionably both. All the dignity of Warwick remains and increases at his death ; but the death of so great a character is followed by sadness....as the shadows of night come after the descent of the sun.

When we open Ossian we are immediately introduced into fairy regions. In the days of this bard, superstition prevailed. Every dusky hill was believed to be the abode of a spirit, who mingled his shriek with the voice of the blast. It is unaccountable, that men of literature should deny the au-

thenticity of Ossian's poems. There is no evidence wanting to convince all who are willing to believe. Poems are still repeated in the original Erse, by many aged persons in the Highlands, and by some persons whom I have seen in this country, who obtained them from their fathers: and that these are the same poems which Mr. M'Pherson has given to the world in an English dress, characters of the highest veracity and literary reputation have positively declared. What futher evidence could we require? But this is not all; for even were every external evidence banished.....were there none who spoke the Erse, in which the poems were delivered....had M'Pherson declared them to be his....those who study them could with difficulty believe him; for every internal evidence declares that they could not be written in the present day; so widely different is the state of society which they describe, from that which now exists. But I have digressed. I thought this tribute due to one of the sublimest bards who has appeared in our world....whose genius ranks with Homer's, and Milton's, and Shakspeare's, and

with Fingal, "yields not to mortal man."..... The extract which I shall take from Ossian, is the episode of Orla. I have chosen it because there is no passage of which the reader can better judge, when seperated from the whole.

"Who is that, like a cloud, at the rock of the roaring stream? He cannot bound over its course; yet stately is the chief! his bossy shield is on his side; and his spear, like the tree of the desert. Youth of the dark-brown hair art thou of Fingal's foes?" "I am a son of Lochlin," he cries "and strong is mine arm in war. My spouse is weeping at home; but Orla will never return." "Or fights or yields the hero," said Fingal of the noble deeds...."foes do not conquer in my presence; but my friends are renowned in the hall. Son of the wave follow me; partake of the feast of my shells; pursue the deer of my desert; and be the friend of Fingal." "No," said the hero "I assist the feeble; my strength shall remain with the weak in arms. My sword has been always unmatched, O warrior; let the king of Morven yield." "I never yielded Orla, Fingal never yielded to man.

Draw thy sword and chuse thy foe. Many are my heroes." " And does the king refuse the combat," said Orla with the dark-brown hair? " Fingal is a match for Orla, and he alone of all his race. But king of Morven, if I shall fall, (as one day the warrior must die,) raise my tomb in the midst, and let it be the greatest on Lena. And send over the dark-blue wave, the sword of Orla to the spouse of his love; that she may shew it to her son with tears, to kindle his soul to war." " Son of the mournful tale," said Fingal " why dest thou awaken my tears? one day the warriors must die, and the children see their useless arms in the hall. But Orla thy tomb shall rise; and thy white bosomed spouse, weep over thy sword." They fought on the heath of Lena, but feeble was the arm of Orla. The sword of Fingal descended and cleft his shield in twain. It fell, and glittered on the ground, as the moon on the stream of night. " King of Morven," said the hero, " lift thy sword and pierce my breast. Wounded and faint from battle my friends have left me here. The mournful tale shall come to my love on the streamy Loda; when she is alone in

the wood ; and the rustling blast in the leaves.” “ No ;” said the king of Morven, “ I will never wound thee Orla. On the banks of Loda, let her see thee escaped from the hands of war. Let thy gray-haired father, who perhaps is blind with age, hear the sound of thy voice in the hall. With joy let the hero rise and search for his son with his hands.” “ But never will he find him, Fingal,” said the youth of the streamy Loda, “ on Lena’s heath I shall die ; and foreign bards will talk of me. My broad belt covers my wound of death. And now I give it to the wind.” “ The dark-blood poured from his side, he fell pale on the heath of Lena. Fingal bends over him as he dies.”

## FINGAL, BOOK V.

This extract, as the preceding, is both pathetic and grand. It is one of the poems held in remembrance in its original language, by many in the north of Scotland, and is considered by them as uncommonly beautiful and affecting. The heroism and generosity of Fingal are finely contrasted with the fortitude of Orla, in misfortune. Fingal ap-

appears in all the glory of victory and in all the amiableness of humanity. Orla, sinking under a mortal wound while the thoughts of his spouse and the banks of Loda rushed upon his heart.... still rises superior to his situation, and dies while Fingal bends over him in admiration.

The Germans have obtained an high literary character among the nations of Europe....In the various departments of Science, in the diversified walks of Poesy they have produced several writers of eminence. In the roll of Genius, Gesner, Klopstock, Goethe, Wieland, Herder, Schiller and the author of *Alf von Deulmen* claim a distinguished place. Very few writers have possessed talents more versatile than those of Wieland. With the inquisitive Philosopher he has searched into the depths of science. In the gravity of Fiction he has travelled through the shades of mystery and of terror; and in indulgence to the spirit of Gaiety and Love he has wantoned on the wings of the most sportive fancy. His "*Oberon*" is a performance which discovers, in an eminent degree, the powers of Invention, and the elegance and

fascination of narrative and description. Some portions of it should be condemned as licentious. It has been translated into English verse by Sotheby, who in the music of his numbers, in the variety and chasteness of his diction, and in the richness of his Imagery, is not excelled by any poet now living in England. From Oberon I have introduced among these illustrations the two following verses. They exhibit a picture which for boldness of conception and vivid colouring I have never seen surpassed. The Satan of Milton is not a sublimer Portrait.

## xiv.

Plain on his noble aspect shone confest,  
Grandeur beneath a cowl that mildly gleam'd;  
His eye a smile on all creation beam'd.  
And tho' the touch of time had gently prest  
His neck, soft bow'd beneath the weight of years,  
Sublimely rais'd to heaven his brow appears,  
The shrine of peace; and like a sun-gilt height,  
Where never earthly mist obscur'd the light,  
Above the stormy world its tranquil summit rears.

## xv.

Time from his features long had wore away  
The rust of earth and Passion's gloomy frown,  
He would not stoop to grasp a falling crown,  
Nor bend the sceptre of the world to sway.  
Free from the vain desires that earth inthral,  
Free from vain terrors that mankind appal,  
Untouch'd by pain and unassail'd by fear  
To Truth alone he turn'd his mental ear,  
Alone to Nature tun'd and her sweet simple call.

These illustrations, with the observations connected with them have proceeded to a length so far beyond that which I expected ; that I shall omit several passages; I had marked in other poets; and shall only further offer the following instances in prose.

“ Truth is compared in scriptures to a *streaming fountain*; if her waters flow not in perpetual progression, they *sicken into a muddy pool* of conformity and tradition.

“ Truth came once into our world with her divine master, and was a perfect shape, most glo-

rious to look on: but when he ascended, and his disciples after him were *laid asleep*, then strait arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the *Egyptian Typhon*, with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the *virgin Truth*, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, immitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an *immortal feature of loveliness and perfection*. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint. We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself it *smites us into darkness*. Who can discern those planets

that are oft *comeust*, and those stars of brightest magnitude, that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs, bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning?

“ Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself *like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks*: methinks I see her as an *eagle* *muing her mighty young, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam*; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.”

*Milton's Speech for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing.*

“ Wisdom hath always a good conscience attending it, that purest delight and richest cordial of the soul; *that brazen wall and impregnable fo-*

treachery against both external assaults, and internal commotions.

“ If a fool prosper, the honour is attributed to propitious chance; if he miscarry to his own ill management: but the entire glory of happy undertakings, crowns the head of wisdom; while the disgrace of unlucky events falls otherwhere. His light like that of the sun, cannot totally be eclipsed; it may be dimmed but never extinguished, and always *maintains a day though overclouded with misfortune*. Who less esteems the famous African captain for being overthrown in that last famous battle, wherein he is said to have shewn the best skill, and yet endured the worst success? Who contemns Cato, and other the grave citizens of Rome, for embracing the just, but unprosperous cause of the commonwealth? A wise man’s circumstances may vary and fluctuate, *like floods about a rock*; but he persists unmoveably the same, and his reputation unshaken: for he can always render a good account of his actions, and by reasonable apology, elude the assaults of reproach.”

BARROW.

These passages which I have quoted, are selected from numbers in the same authors equally solid and lustrous. The expressions which appeared to me most striking, are designated by *italics*. The political and miscellaneous productions of the writer of *Paradise Lost*, are mines of intellectual gold; they contain perhaps as many burning thoughts of Genius as his poems. Barrow, the predecessor of the great Newton, in the mathematic chair of Cambridge, is justly entitled to a rank among the most copious and energetic divines of the Christian church. There is a remnant of antiquity in the stile and manner of both these original authors, which may displease the ear, attuned to the lulling harmony of the periods of the present day: but the strength and spirit of their figures, their boldness and elevation of thought, no one can mistake.

Let the reader of discernment and feeling examine particularly the prosaic works of Milton ....let him become familiarised with his manner..., let him learn to follow his vigorous and ascending wings....and he will probably say that he is not only the first poet, but one of the most eloquent

rhetoricians, and gigantic reasoners, that the English nation has ever produced.

“ In our little journey up to the grande chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. *There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument, one need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day: you have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frightening it.* I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common Genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and I perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Heloise were not forgot on this occasion: if I do no mistake I saw you too every now and then at a distance among the trees; you seemed to call me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great that I really could not distinguish what you said; it seemed to have a cadence like verse.”

GRAY.

This extract from one of Gray's letters to his friend West, exhibits a painting exquisite, and sublime. It discovers the vigour and imagination of the Poet without his numbers.

“ Many works of genius and learning, have been performed in states of life, that appear very little favourable to thought or inquiry : so many that he who considers them, is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The Genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned ; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane.*”

JOHNSON.

“ He, whose soul reposes on his firm trust in God, like the halcyon that builds on the waves, if storms arise, may be tossed, but not endangered. Or, grant the worst, those tumultuous billows that devour others, rock him to rest eternal.”

N 2

YOUNG

“ While your majesty looks down from that eminence to which Providence has raised you: while you behold all your flourishing provinces, reaping the harvest of happiness, and enjoying the blessings of peace; while you behold your throne encompassed with the affections of a loyal people....what have you to fear? Where is that enemy who can injure your felicity? Yes Sir! there is an enemy who can injure your felicity; that enemy is yourself; that enemy is the situation you adorn; that enemy is the glory which encircles you! It is no easy task to submit to the rule that seems to submit to us. Where is the canopy of sufficient texture to screen you from the penetrating and scorching beams of unbounded prosperity.”

BOSSEUET.

“ Religious truth was exiled from the earth, and idolatry sat brooding over the moral world. The Egyptians, the fathers of philosophy, the Grecians, the inventors of the fine arts, the Romans, the conquerors of the universe, were all unfortunately celebrated for the perversion of religious worship,

for the gross errors they admitted into their belief, and the indignities they offered to the true religion. Minerals, vegetables, animals, the elements became objects of adoration; even abstract visionary forms, such as fevers and distempers received the honours of deification; and to the most infamous vices and dissolute passions, altars were erected. The world which God had made to manifest his power, seemed to have become a temple of idols, where every thing was God, but God himself!

“ The mystery of the crucifixion was the remedy the almighty ordained for this universal idolatry. He knew the mind of man, and knew that it was not by reasoning an error must be destroyed which reasoning had not established. Idolatry prevailed by the suppression of reason, by suffering the senses to predominate, which are apt to clothe every thing with the qualities with which they are affected. Men gave the divinity their own figure, and attributed to him their vices and passions. Reasoning had no share in so brutal an error. It was the subversion of reason, a delirium, a phrenzy. Argue with a phrenetic person, you do but the more

provoke him, and render the distemper incurable. Neither will reasoning cure the delirium of idolatry. What has learned antiquity gained by her elaborate discourses? her reasonings so artfully framed? Did Plato with that eloquence which was styled divine, overthrow one altar where those monstrous divinities were worshipped. Experience has shewn that the overthrow of idolatry could not be the work of reason alone. Far from committing to human wisdom the cure of such a malady, God completed its confusion by the mystery of the cross. Idolatry (if rightly understood) took its rise from that profound self-attachment inherent in our nature. Thus it was that the Pagan mythology teemed with deities who were subject to human passions weaknesses and vices. When the mysterious cross displayed to the world an agonizing Redeemer, incredulity exclaimed it was *foolishness!* But the darkening sun, nature convulsed, the dead arising from their graves said it was *wisdom.*"

BOSUXT.

" Go to your natural religion: lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and

in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword: shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements; shew her the Prophet's chamber, his concubines and his wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and his oppression. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly converse. Let her see him injured but not provoked: Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead him to his cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his

last prayer for his persecutors: *Father forgive them, &c.* When natural religion has viewed both, ask which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross, by him she spoke and said, truly this was the son of God."

SHERLOCK.

" Sire, if the poison of ambition reach and infect the heart of the prince; if the sovereign forgetting that he is the protector of the public tranquillity, prefer his own glory to the love and to the safety of his people; if he would rather subdue provinces than reign in their hearts; if it appear to him more glorious to be the destroyer of his neighbours, than the father of his people; if the voice of grief and desolation be the only sound that attends his victories; if he use that power which is only given him for the happiness of those he governs, to promote his own passions and interest; in a word if he be a king solely to spread misery, and like the monarch of Babylon, erect the idol of his greatness on the wreck of nations;

great God ! what a scourge for the earth ! what a present dost thou send to men, in thy wrath, by giving them such a master ! His glory, Sire, will ever be steeped in blood. Some insane panegyrists may chaunt his victories, but the provinces the towns, the villages will weep. Superb monuments may be erected to eternise his conquests : but the ashes yet smoking of so many cities formerly flourishing ; but the desolation of countries despoiled of their beauty ; but the ruins of so many edifices, under which peaceable citizens have perished ; but the lasting calamities that will survive him ; will be mournful monuments that will immortalize his folly and his vanity : he will have passed like a torrent that destroys, not like a majestic river, spreading joy and abundance : his name will be inscribed in the annals of posterity among conquerors, but never among good kings : the history of his reign will be recollected, only to revive the memory of the evil he has done to mankind."

MASSILLON.

If these copious extracts are admired as much by the reader as they deserve, I will not have

trespassed on his patience. I have introduced them with the pleasing hope that they will furnish a repast to cultivated taste, and that they will serve as fires kindled upon a hill, to enlighten the boundless region, where the eagle builds her nest.

**A MIDNIGHT HYMN,**  
**TO DEITY.**

o



## A MIDNIGHT HYMN,

### TO DEITY.

---

HOW grand and awful is this midnight hour!  
The world is still....and not a sound disturbs  
The breeze that bathes its pinions in the dew.  
The moon looks dimly down; the lowering clouds  
Obscure her beams. The fleeting foot of Time  
Moves swiftly on, and steals from sleeping man.  
The solemn bell repeats another hour, •  
And gives it to the numbers that have pass'd.  
I sit alone: But there's an eye beholds me,  
To which the darkness is the noon of day. 10  
To thee my God, I give these solemn thoughts,  
And seek thy spirit in the depths of night.  
While rest the follies of a giddy world,  
While all its scenes and all its noise are fled,  
Truths strike the mind with more impressive force

Almighty Power in his eternal counsels,  
 Design'd a world the Theatre of Love.  
 He spoke ; all nature hear'd his awful voice.

The sun roll'd burning from the hand of God.  
 The vales and mountains spread beneath his beams ;  
 And in their channels flow'd the wandering waters.  
 The moonlight trembled thro' the shades of Eve, 22  
 And led the train of Night. Then joy arose.  
 The voice of Music lull'd the peaceful scene :  
 And thro' the thickets sang the hollow breeze.  
 The fragrant herb wav'd to the breath of morn.  
 The fowls of Heaven uprose upon the wing ;  
 And the deep forest shelter'd in its arms  
 'The Brutes that roam'd its haunts.  
 "Let us make man"....spoke then Almighty power,  
 In image like his God ; " and let his rule 31  
 Be over earth, and all that earth contains."

Then from the dust, see man to being rise,  
 Firm and erect, with eye upturn'd to Heaven,  
 He spurns the earth beneath him with his feet,  
 And sways his sceptre o'er the prostrate world.

Array'd in glory like his father God,  
 Man thus abode not....but from honour fell.

The gates of Paradise were closed against him,  
 Its shades no more would shelter his repose ; 40  
 " Where came the voice of God at early morn."  
 Its cooling stream would no more meet his lip,  
 Or babble to his ear. A dreary world,  
 Spread wide before his view, where toil and pain  
 Stood arm'd, to bear him on the road of life ;  
 While o'er him howl'd the dark and angry sky.

O son of morn....how art thou fall'n from Heaven  
 And all thy former splendour dim'd and lost !

Man ruin'd in his first and high estate  
 Affords a subject gloomy to the soul.  
 The fall of angels was the fall of man.  
 " Shorn of his beams" the Sun, in dim eclipse,  
 Lends but a feeble lustre to the earth :  
 Or when he sinks beneath the western wave,  
 Pale Evening treads upon his burning footsteps  
 And brings grim Night to throw his mantle o'er  
 A sunken world, lock'd in a mimic death.  
 Thus on the morning of man's towering hopes,  
 Came the dark night of woe. His happiness  
 Is now a little bark thrown on the floods, 60  
 And toss'd and dash'd by wild tempestuous winds.

By Adam's disobedience earth was curs'd,  
 In Nature's garden thorns and thistles grew:  
 Chill o'er the vallies swept the howling blast,  
 The thunders roar'd....the earthquake shook the  
 globe;

The mountains pour'd their streams of liquid fire,  
 And, like a Giant, fell Disease arose  
 And blew o'er earth his pestilential breath.

A train of evils followed on his steps;  
 There came Misfortune with his iron scythe 70  
 Dropping with human blood; there Envy stalk'd  
 And fan'd the flames of hell....fell Fury there  
 Yell'd to the winds and stamp'd the hollow ground;  
 Telling her sorrows to the listening Night,

There came wan Melancholy slowly on;  
 Folded her arms upon her heaving bosom,  
 Her face directed to the dewy moon.

There came Remorse absorb'd in gloomy thought:  
 There rush'd Despair....his dark eye roll'd in blood;  
 He tore the mantle from his raging breast, 80  
 And plung'd his dagger in his heart....There came  
 Poor Lunacy in tatter'd robes, and wav'd  
 A straw, and told the kingdoms which he rul'd.



Say what is Babylon, low sunk in earth?  
 Or what Palmyra in the dreary waste,  
 To man in ruins? To the soul diseas'd,  
 The soul immortal, doom'd to joy or woe?  
 There once impress'd was God the Father's image;  
 But now that image is defac'd by sin. 111  
 O'er Greece's ruins once the traveller wept,  
 As he look'd back upon her former glory,  
 While o'er the world she held her sovereign sway,  
 And trampled tyrants underneath her feet. 120  
 Now sunk her honours, and her former fame  
 Lives in her records and her poet's song:  
 Her laurels flourish round her mouldering urn.

O hasty traveller thro' the vale of tears,  
 O stay thy step, and weep o'er wretched man!  
 Weep o'er those honours fall'n, fall'n so low;  
 Talk not of dignity, but humbly look  
 On him who died, that man might live again.  
 Away thou folly of an empty world,  
 Thou airy bubble gilded by the sun! 130  
 Come to my heart, thou sovereign hope of Heaven,  
 Reign o'er my actions and my wandering thoughts;  
 My bed of death illuminate; and lead

A son of sorrow to his father's home.  
 O what is life without the love of God,  
 Without the arm of Mercy to support  
 A sinner without strength. Eternity,  
 Thou ocean boundless, where the thought is lost,  
 Our years and ages are to thee unknown,  
 Thy moments are eternal : Time was not, 140  
 Thou didst exist ; and thou shalt still move on  
 When time shall sweep his iron scythe no more.  
 O then receive me to thy arms my God !

Upon a cross, behold the king of glory,  
 The man who dies for a rebellious world,  
 Who from an heart still warm with love divine,  
 Pours on the earth his blood ; who dies in mercy,  
 That man might live beneath his father's smile.

The wrath of God here centres on the head  
 Of his anointed son. The eyes of heaven 150  
 Behold in wonder this triumphant scene.  
 Bright seraphs burning round Jehovah's throne,  
 Strike their full harps and chant redeeming grace.

Dark rose the hill where stood the Saviour's cross  
 The scene of love ; and blackest deed of hell.  
 Where erst the father of the faithful, bound

His son (so 'tis believ'd) by God's command\*.

Surrounding armies aw'd the multitude,  
And Rome appear'd in her assembled hosts.

Dim by the Cross stalk'd Cruelty and Rage, 160  
And pierc'd the Saviour's bosom with their sting.  
Fell mockery breath'd its most reproachful taunts,  
And shouts of exultation rent the air,

Serene, conspicuous hung the dying God.

His sacred head is pierc'd with horrid thorns.

His arms are nail'd to the accursed tree.

His bosom opened by a Soldier's spear.

No curse, or threatening pass his placid lips;

He prays for blessings on the murderer's head.

*Father have mercy! on my thoughtless foes,* 170  
*Have mercy God! they know not what they do.*

'Tis finish'd...cries the Saviour, while he dies,  
And yields his spirit to his Father's hands.

\* The mountain upon which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Isaac, is supposed by some, and upon no improbable grounds, to have been the same mountain on which Christ suffered on his cross.

GIBSONNE'S SURVEY.

Nature beheld the awful scene with dread.  
The source of Being dying on the cross,  
Surpass'd conception of Almighty love.  
The sun grew dim, dark shadows quench'd his  
beam,  
And Night's thick mantle fell upon the world ;  
An earthquake shook the globe ; the rocks are cleft,  
The temple's veil is rent in twain ; the dead 180  
Awake, arise and leave their darksome graves.  
The mighty work of Christ is now perform'd.  
A world is ransom'd from the depths of woe.  
Justice has sheath'd the dreadful sword of wrath ;  
And God is reconcil'd with sinful man.  
The weary traveller now rests in peace ;  
The Saviour rests lock'd in the arms of Death :  
His pulse has ceas'd to beat : the clotted gore  
Hangs thick and cold upon his face and breast.  
Lift up your heads ye everlasting doors, 190  
And let the king of Glory enter in !

The Saviour rests ; the tomb receives his prey  
With chilling arms. The voice of mockery,  
The taunt of malice, and the shout of triumph  
Strike on his ear no more. That eye which look'd

Thro' painful life, and pity'd with a tear,  
Is seal'd in night. And clos'd the listening ear  
Which never heard affliction plead in vain.  
Those arms lie lifeless, which so often rais'd  
Implor'd for mercy on a wretched world. 200  
The Saviour sleeps—the traveller rests in peace.  
'Twas love divine that drew him down from heaven.  
'Twas love divine that bade our Saviour die,  
Love for a world, a lost rebellious world;  
Who met his gracious embassy with scorn.  
Long had he journey'd on a rugged road,  
And knew not where to rest his weary head.  
Rage and Derision hung upon his footsteps.  
His friends were few—his joys were fewer still;  
His face was care, without one mingled smile. 210  
The object of his mission was to suffer,  
And Sorrow wrapt him in her deepest night.  
He trod in wretchedness this scene of life;  
For man, for whom he suffered, was to bear  
His heavy load of guilt—and die the death;  
And Jesus meant his life a great example  
To all who live, in all that's great and good.

The shade of sorrow is the field of glory :  
 Calamity breathes on the seeds of Virtue.  
 He who has never known the woe-worn thought,  
 Who always glides o'er the unruffled stream,  
 Could never stem the ocean, lash'd by winds,  
 Or brave his rolling billows after storms.

Thou God of Nature, and thou God of Love  
 Who form'd this world, who bade those planets roll,

Who call'd all Being from the womb of Night,  
 Accept my song, and tune my heart to praise ;  
 O breathe thy Spirit in the souls of men,  
 And send thy Gospel to the darkened world.

How far beneath thy majesty divine,

130

Is every tribute from a mortal's lyre.

Those spheres which move in harmony above,

Whose silver lustre slumbers on the earth,

Shall give thee nobler strains. The Seraph's harp

Shall raise the song of Glory to the Lamb

And universal Nature sound thy praise.



## **AN ADDRESS**

### **TO MY TAPER.**



**MY Taper lend thy glimmering ray,  
O give me all thy little light!  
Departed is the orb of Day,  
And o'er the city falls the night.**

**The bustle of the passing throng,  
The chariot rattling by the door,  
The loud and boisterous vender's song,  
Strike on my startling ear no more.**

**Now gathering storms the sky o'erspread,  
And sweep with ruffian-blasts the plain,  
Now on my window and my shed,  
Descends the chill and beating rain.**

Protected from the angry sky,  
 Bless'd with the smile of kind repose,  
 Still may I know Compassion's sigh,  
 And keenly feel for others woes.

On such a night old legends tell,  
 (While lowering clouds the sky o'ercast,)  
 Aerial beings pour their yell,  
 And spread their pinions to the blast.

On such a night did Shakspeare hear,  
 His Ariel singing his wild strains,  
 On such a night his listening ear,  
 Heard spirits chaunting on the plains.

O then, on this enchanting page,  
 My taper, throw thy friendly beam...  
 And let me mark the long-past age,  
 And rove along Ilyssu's stream.

O let me catch that matchless song,  
 Which comes from old Achaia's lyre,  
 And wafted to the Olympic throng,  
 Bask in the blaze of Pindar's fire.

How fast thy slender form decays !

Still, still a little longer stay ;

Now in the socket falls thy blaze....

It flutters, and it dies away.

How like thy dim and dying flame,

The sons of Genius and of lore !

Whose souls too ardent for their frame,

Burn till their pulse can beat no more.



# THE FAREWEL SONG

OF

## OSSIAN.

---

---

THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE AN ATTEMPT TO  
THROW INTO THE MEASURED FORM OF POETRY,  
A PART OF THE POEM OF BERRATHON.

---

LEAD son of Alpin, lead me to the woods....  
Dark roll the waves; loud sweep the hollow winds;  
The leaves are scattered o'er the misty heath;  
No hunter's step is heard.

Bends not a tree o'er Mora's banks of moss,  
With naked branches whistling to the wind?  
There hangs my harp upon a blasted bough,  
And mournful sound its strings.

Lead Son of Alpin, lead me to my harp,  
 Another song shall rise from Ossian's hand ;  
 Amid the sound my spirit shall depart,  
 And meet my fathers in their airy hall.

• Be near ye winds, and bear upon your wings,  
 The dying strain to mighty Fingal's ear !  
 O let him hear his son's departing voice  
 Whose head is bow'd with years !

The aged oak that sighs with all its moss,  
 The wither'd fern that hangs its head with mist,  
 The ruin'd wall that shakes beneath the storm,  
 Are like my faded form.

The night descends. No pale cold moon is seen,  
 No red-star glimmering thro' the darkened cloud.  
 The rain-drops rustle thro' the naked trees,  
 And all is drear and dark.

At morning's dawn the hunter, as he treads  
 These plains and mountains, in pursuit of deer,  
 Will search for Ossian, and will find him cold  
 And stretch'd upon the rock.

He'll tear his hair....the tear will wet his cheek:  
 He'll weep o'er Ossian and his sleeping harp.  
 Son of the chace, then let my tomb arise,  
 On Lutha's lovely plain !

The Northern blasts unfold thy gates, O king !\*  
 And I behold thee gleaming in thy arms ;  
 Thy ghostly form is like a watery cloud  
 Which dims the stars with\*tears.

Thy shield is like the old decaying moon,  
 Thy sword a vapour kindled into fire,  
 Thy steps, O chief ! are on the desert-winds,  
 Thy hand can darken storms.

What murmur's that which comes upon my ear ?  
 The storm abates ; and all the air is still....  
 Great Fingal's warning voice I hear, which says,  
 " Come Ossian, come away.

“ Fingal has had his fame. He pass'd away  
 Like flames which fill'd and lightened all the world,  
 Tho' dark and silent are our fields of war,  
 Our fame is on the four gray stones.

\* Fingal.

“ Why Ossian Son of Fingal art thou sad ?  
 Long, long have fled the chiefs of other times.  
 The sons of future times shall pass away,  
 Another race shall rise.

“ All men are like the dark and rolling waves,  
 Like leaves dispers'd before the rising wind,  
 Ev'n Fingal's footsteps are no longer heard  
 Within his airy hall. ”

“ Thy voice, O Son of Fingal, has been heard.  
 The harp of Selma was not strung in vain,  
 Thy tale is told. Come Ossian, come away  
 And meet me in the clouds.”

And come I will, my father, king of men !  
 My spear is weak. The life of Ossian fails.  
 My steps no more are seen on Selma's plains,  
 Or Crona's mournful flood.

On Mora's stone shall Ossian fall asleep,  
 And give his gray-locks to the winds of night.  
 Sleep seals my eyes....the night is long and dark,  
 But all his storms shall not disturb my rest.

## ADDRESS TO HOPE.

---

*Spem retine: spes una hominem nec morte relinquit.*

CATO'S DISTICH.

---

Grasp Hope: Hope e'en in death forsakes not man.

---

DEJECTION shades the face of day  
Each golden vision-fades away.  
No more the balmy-breathing spring  
Wafts health and transport on her wing;  
No more with joy I spend the hours  
And slumber in Arcadian bowers;  
No more along the gladsome plain  
I frolick with the piping swain;  
Nor wandering by the stealing wave  
Call sportive echo from her cave:

Descends the night with all its gloom  
And horror beckons from the tomb.

My days in museful darkness roll  
And clouds sit heavy on my soul.

Ye hours of joy where are ye fled,  
Ye airy sports which crown'd my head?  
Why comes not peace with grey-ey'd morn  
Nor when pale Cynthia fills her horn?

Why do my wanderings shun the light  
And court the fairy-footed night?

Say flattering Hope where wanderest thou,  
Where hast thou made thy dwelling now?  
Dost thou with care-worn monarchs dwell  
Or sleep'st thou in the Hermit's cell?  
Or dost thou seek the Peasant's shed  
To bless his crust to bless his bed?

Or dost thou o'er the Sailor boy  
Wave thy light wings in wanton joy;  
And when he climbs the top-mast high  
Dart searching rapture from his eye?  
Or dost thou warm the Lover's breast  
And lull his busy thoughts to rest;

Present before his eager view  
 His chosen maid in colours true,  
 And whisper to his listening ear,  
 Mourn not fond youth, cease every tear,  
 Dispel your sorrows and alarms  
 Anna shall meet your circling arms ?

Wher'e'er thou art Hope hither come  
 And make with me thy happy home,  
 Come with thy blue enraptur'd eye  
 Which spurns the earth but loves the sky,  
 Come with thy robes of silver hue  
 With sandals bath'd in morning dew,  
 With hair all streaming in the gale  
 With steps that scarcely kiss the vale,  
 Come and bring with thee along  
 Laughter, and Sport and merry Song,  
 Such as most loves the Shepherd's reed  
 While graze his flocks the fragrant mead ;  
 Come with thy fanning wings thro' air,  
 And banish hence the fiend Despair :  
 Let thy mild voice salute mine ear  
 And on thy bosom fall my tear.

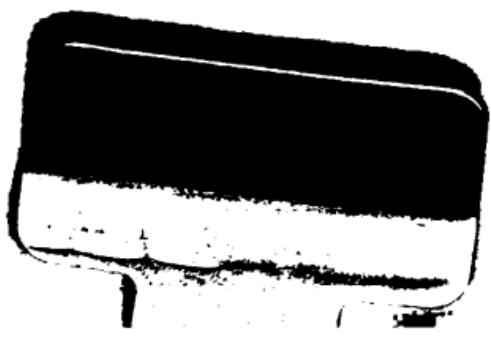


Those thoughts which love the grave, repress,  
And pillow on thine arms distress.

Gay Hope I know that cruel guile  
Lurks in the magic of thy smile,  
That thou oft whisperest peace to-morrow  
To cheer the gloomy night of sorrow;  
But when ascends the orb of day,  
Thee and thy boon are flown away.  
The wandering light which on the moor  
Leads on the sad bewildered boor,  
Thro' boggs and brakes and darksome dell  
Where death and wakeful terrors dwell,  
Is like thy fair entrancing form,  
Which smiles to peace, but beckons storm.

O look upon that pathless wild !  
Where mourns the aged man his child,  
Son of his years, his only care,  
For whom he breath'd his fervent prayer,  
For whom he toil'd the busy day  
Till age had torn his locks away.

Look on that lovely maid who lies  
The victim of unceasing sighs....



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